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THE NATIONAL

POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

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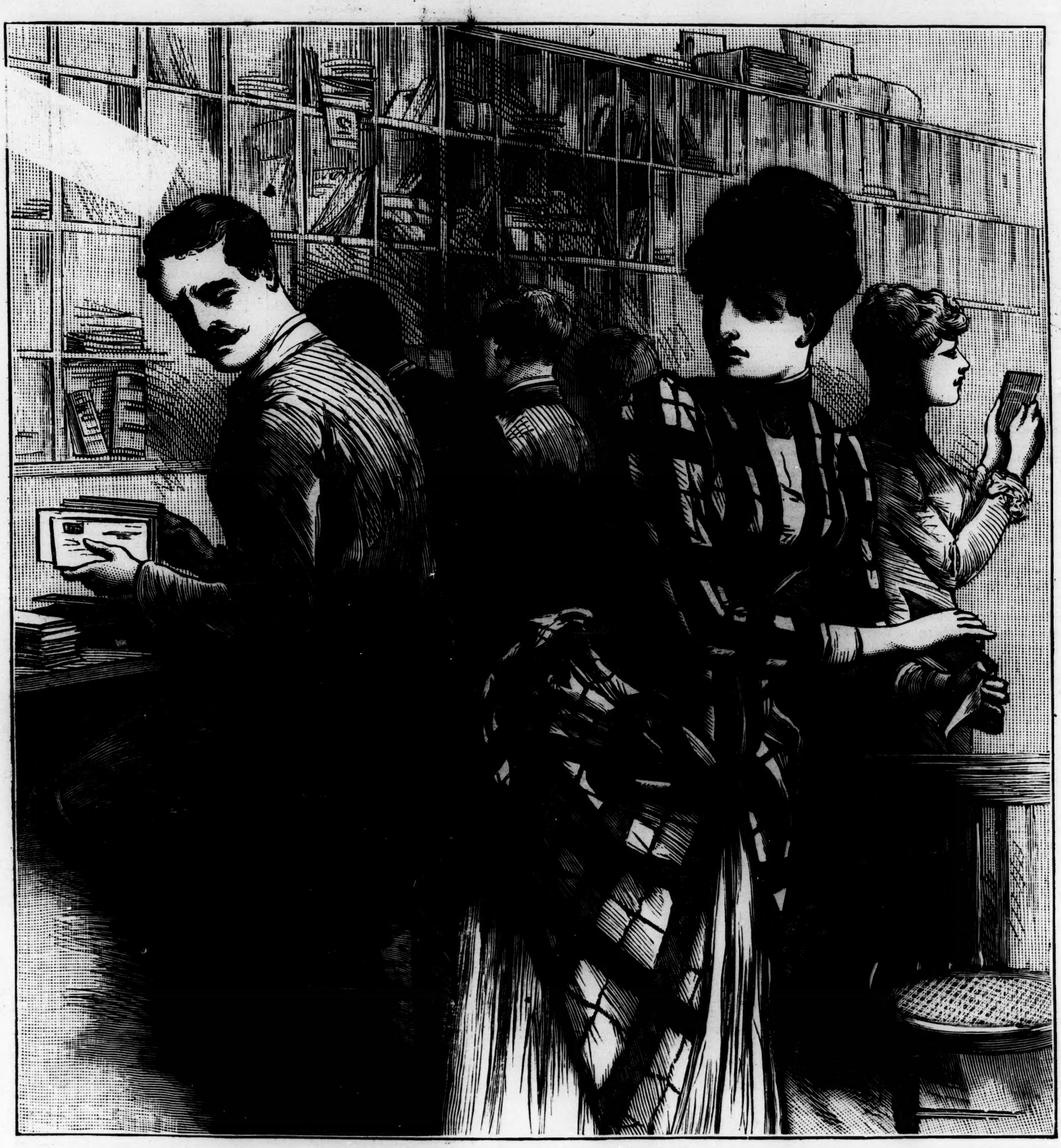

ANOTHER WASHINGTON SCANDAL.

A CLERK IN THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT HAS AN INTERESTING STORY TO TELL OF A DESTROYED LETTER.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE
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ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, . . Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

$50 REWARD.

I will pay $50 for the arrest and conviction of the rascal who, under the name of W. or M. Slater, is without authority collecting subscriptions to my publications.

RICHARD K. FOX.

A NICE SORT OF PARSON.

Right over these lines stands a portrait, taken from life in the town of Sharon, Wisconsin. The photographer who took it and in front of whose veracious camera the original carefully and consciously posed, is Mr. J. E. Judd. As the observant reader will perceive the person portrayed is a youngish man of sportive aspect. His hair is worn over his brow in the manner usually affected by small gamblers, obscure variety ham-fatters and the bartenders of diminutive country taverns. The poise of his head confirms the first impression, that this youthful man must be the pervading genius of a third-class rural rum-shop. And when you take the long, curled and oiled mustache into consideration, that impression deepens into absolute certainty.

That he must be a country "sport," a gamester or grog-seller of the "jay-bird" districts, or the junior partner of some scarcely known firm of knockabout Ethiopian comedians, is made evident by his exaggerated shirt collar, his obstreperous horseshoe pin and his gaudy parti-colored coat. Such a costume as his would provoke the remonstrances even of the Bowery boy who buys his wardrobe "in the Bay."

Who, then, is this gorgeous, loudly-dressed, bang-front, oiled moustache, check-coated gentleman? A capper for a monte game at country fairs? A mixer of queer cocktails in a fourth-rate groggery at East Lebanon, Connecticut? A would-be "sport," whose utterances are the corner grocery oracles of Smithersville, Ohio? Or the senior member of the Big Four Charcoal Sketch Combination?

Not a bit of it.

The gentleman thus portrayed is the "Reverend" T. A. Pease, a Wisconsin clergyman. This clergyman—and what a clergyman he must be—is a bitter enemy of the POLICE GAZETTE. On a recent occasion he took a copy of this paper into his pulpit and, tearing it into shreds, stamped it under foot with a loud protest that he would, in like manner, love to treat Richard K. Fox and his property.

Our readers have for a long time seen the bold and honest face of the POLICE GAZETTE. In the present issue they get their first opportunity to look upon the front of the "Reverend" T. A. Pease. We are quite content to let them decide which of the two is likely to enjoy the longer existence. At the same time we must express our regret for having been betrayed, even by our sense of injury, into inflicting such a fearful revenge upon the "Reverend" Mr. Pease as to publish his likeness.

DAN SULLY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This admirable actor, who is again coining money with a new play, is portrayed on another page.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

SOME FEW YEARS AGO the only daughter of Charles Fargo, of the American Express, was married against her parents' wishes to a gentleman by the name of James C. B. Andrews. Mr. Andrews was a dapper little man with a very long neck, a very large grin, and as I once heard a mutual friend describe him, all trousers and collar. At any rate, after the good Mr. Charley Fargo had smoothed down, he placed the young man in the Chicago office of the American Express Company in the capacity, I believe, of his own private secretary. It didn't work, however, the young man had an idea he was cut out for the stage, and so after decorating himself with the rather delusive name of Cedric Hope, he adopted the theatrical profession as a means of livelihood. I ran against him at the beginning of the past season and he informed me that papa-in-law had bought an interest for him in A. M. Palmer's business, and that he owned a straight interest in the Madison Square Theatre and all Mr. Palmer's road ventures. I knew he lied, but it seemed to amuse him so I let it go. A little later, however, he did make arrangements with Mr. Palmer to take Saints and Sinners on the road, and some time in January he started out with a good company headed by such people as old Couldock, John Howson, Raymond Holmes and Sydney Cowell. When the season came to an end Mr. Hope owed everybody in the company, and in addition to arrears in salary, managed to borrow money from some of the members, and, generally speaking, behaved himself very badly. I am told that Charley Fargo feels rather badly about the business, particularly as some of the actors who were let in have been pouring their complaints into his ears through the friendly offices of the post office. He is heartily sick of his son-in-law, and I understand that there is every likelihood of the young spark receiving a quiet but forcible ejectment from the back door of the Fargo mansion. I believe he narrowly escaped personal chastisement on Broadway one day last week at the hands of one of the actors he cheated.

A WELL-KNOWN CASINO FAVORITE is the wife of a very jealous and non-professional husband. He reads all her letters, but never looks at her bills. This peculiarity the wife has taken advantage of, and when she hears from her numerous acquaintances now it is somewhat in this shape and safe from prying eyes:

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1887.

MISS DOLLY.....

To MACY & CO. *Dr.*

I hear you have been ill of l.....	8
And.....	4
that reason disappointed me.....	
I in.....	10
d going to.....	11
worth to-morrow and must see you b.....	4
that eventu.....	8 83
I hate like.....	(3) 2
Leave so suddenly.....	
You.....	0 2
find a way to see me at.....	14
street and.....	5
avenue. Be consider.....	8
and re.....	5
my hopes.....	
With kisses,.....	144 28

Paid.

THE EXETER THEATRE fire will probably teach the world nothing. One hundred and fifty people lost their lives, the local shopkeepers will do a thriving trade in mourning goods, there will be much sorrow and weeping, the newspapers will print the same stereotyped editorials they printed at the time of the Opera Comique and the Brooklyn Theatre fires, and then the whole thing will be forgotten. Theatrical architects appear to me to learn absolutely nothing from experiences of this description. Probably within the next year fifty new theatres will be built in this country modelled in every essential respect upon the same lines as the Exeter theatre. Then we shall have another fire, another big loss of life, another howl, and the whole thing will be forgotten again. There ought to be no difficulty in building a theatre so that loss of life under any circumstances would be almost impossible. I should like to see some enterprising New York manager try his hand at it. Mr. John Stetson, for instance, might bear it in mind when he builds that million dollar theatre.

"YOUNG TOM ROBERTSON," who has just arrived from England, to stage manage at Wallack's, is the son of the well-known playwright. Mr. Abbey engaged him principally to produce his father's comedies and, although nothing has been said about it, there is no doubt but that he will act. He is an acknowledged good artist and it is unlikely that Mr. Abbey would omit to avail himself of his abilities in both lines. Mr. Robertson is only about thirty years of age, but he has nevertheless been a manager of a London and provincial company for over eight years. So far as he has gone the newest importation is intelligently pleased with what he has seen. On one point he has already made up his mind and that is in the general management, and the details of their horse racing, the Americans are far ahead of England.

THE AMBITION of members of our best "sawciety" to shine upon the public stage is not confined to the women of swelldom. The young men who hang round theatres on first nights and who have, some of them, attempted to earn a more or less honest living by "pushing" various brands of wine, are taking to the footlights in a small and timid way as dudes and slims should. At one of the Bowery variety shows the other night, the scion of one of New York's wealthiest families, being hard put to for spending money, made his debut as a singer of drawing-room ballads. I have got a picture of him in the very act.

I SAW MRS. LANGTRY rush across Broadway the other day with knitted brow and thoughtful mein. An advance agent stumbled absently after her, writing hastily on a telegraph blank as he walked, and a dusty stage manager with his hat on the back of his head stalked mechanically along while he talked spasmodically and swung his arms. The Lily was perturbed. She was handsome as usual, but her hair was somewhat disarranged, she was without gloves, and there was an absence of the air of serenity and polish that usually distinguishes her. She was so lost to the outward world indeed that she did not see a cab horse careening toward her till an accident was imminent, and then she rushed hurriedly out of the way. The advance agent didn't hurry. He went on writing while the cab horse looked at him, and then with a shrill snort of apology reared up on its battered hind legs and stayed so till the man passed. The horse never lived that could down an advance agent. Meanwhile the Lily drifted into the Gilsey house with the stage manager, while the advance agent stumped off to the telegraph office. It was a glimpse of the workaday world of the actor. There had been hours of tedious rehearsals on the gloomy stage of the Fifth Avenue theatre, and the once fair and radiant beauty was off for a bite of luncheon while there was a chance. Mrs. Langtry's temper continues to assert itself at unfortunate times. Her break with Coghlan was ill-advised, to say the least, for he was not only a strong element in the success of her tour, but the present improvement in the acting of Mrs. Langtry is in no small degree due to Coghlan's tutelage. He is a clever and knowing actor, and he has been of vast assistance to the Langtry. His new play was ready to increase the fame of the actress, but she discharged him at a moment's notice because he would not obey her whim to play at the seaside. Maurice Barrymore may expect a similar fate. It is the Lily's way. With her new leading man the Langtry troupe may be billed as a beauty show, for Barrymore's looks are more widely commented on than his acting, and as he is a very good actor indeed, it goes without saying that he may rival the famous star of the troupe, though of an opposite sex. The pair should certainly make stunning stage lovers.

ON SIXTH AVENUE, not a mile from 23rd street, is a "beef-and-beanery," much affected by the "night-hawks," whose cabs prowl down Broadway after midnight. It is a clean establishment in which a hungry and not too fastidious hackman or other person well-favored as to appetite may buy him a heaping plate of beef-stew for ten cents. The other morning so early that I am ashamed to confess the hour, I dropped into that beanery to get a bite myself—as newspaper men occasionally do. My attention was attracted by a gaunt creature, in a last year's overcoat, with a short, grizzled beard, who sat at a table and fairly gorged himself. He had evidently not eaten a square meal in weeks. "Dat's de tird plate o' stoo his giblets has got outside of to-night," observed a cynical waiter. "I guess he's got boodle again." "Who is the poor devil?" I inquired. "Oh, he's a bloke wot fakes gags and catch-words for —— (mentioning a popular comedian). He gits a quarter every night, and de season's just begun." Imagine such a pursuit—and such pay!

A PERSON BY THE NAME OF CLEVELAND MOFFIT, who writes a series of rather dull letters from London to some American papers, has been interviewing Miss Olga Brandon who with a girlish giggle and a simper which ill becomes her varied experience in life, tells all she knows about herself. She was asked whether she liked London better than New York and this is her reply. "Oh, yes, I like it better here than in America. You see London is such a enormous city that if you wish to you can easily live in a most retired way and no one will know you or interfere with you. Now, in New York it was ridiculous. I could not go out for a walk without constantly overhearing some one say in a whisper: 'There goes Olga Brandon,' and often I would have a regular impromptu reception on the street." There is no doubt people did turn round and look at Miss Brandon when she went by on the street. She was and is a pretty woman, but there was always a certain indefinable something in her manner which in the slang of the day invariably "gave her dead away." I think the most consummate piece of impudence in the letter I refer to, is the printing of Miss Brandon's opinions concerning Mrs. Brown Potter. This is what she says: "I will tell you why I think that Mrs. Potter will never succeed on the stage. To depict life, an actress must first have seen it, felt it and suffered it, and very deeply, too. A girl fresh from a convent is not the thing at all. Now, Mrs. Potter has had, from her childhood, all the advantages of the finest society, of education and of travel. She has been a public character for years, has seen everything, been everywhere, has loved and suffered, and yet, with it all, she does not act—cannot act. She has the deep feeling, but lacks the power to express it. She knows what should be done, but cannot do it herself. In short, she would make a great teacher, but never a great actress."

DAVE DALZILL SAYS: I see that Mr. Fred Vokes has been after the editor of my sprightly contemporary the London *Bat*. He denies that his health is bad or his mind is impaired, and the editor of the *Bat* very kindly withdraws his original statement which he says he copied from the columns of the New York *Truth*. The fact is that Mr. Fred Vokes is a pretty poor authority on the question of his own sanity, and I have not the slightest hesitancy in repeating exactly what I said a few weeks ago concerning him. He is a wreck, professionally as well as physically, although it is quite likely he does not think so himself.

THAT WAS A SHOCKING ACCIDENT at Hooley's theatre in Chicago, recently. A carpenter, by the name of Bond, who had been employed at the theatre for eight years, was working on the flies while his wife was seated on the stage sewing some canvas and his children were playing hide and seek in the wings. Suddenly Bond missed his footing and fell sixty feet to the stage at the feet of his wife. The man never spoke again. I am told that the grief of the wife was something terrible and the wail of the little children who huddled together and could say nothing but sob out "Poor papa," melted the heart of even sturdy Bob Frazer, who happened to be on the stage at the time. Chicago people, ever ready, by the way, with their impulsive generosity have organized a benefit for the widow.

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

Horsewhipped by Girls.

A St. Louis special dispatch says: Harry Treber, a young hod-carrier, was horsewhipped last night on Twenty-first and Wash by Lena and Katie Funck, two young girls whose mother keeps a boarding-house at 2112 Franklin avenue.

Treber boarded with Mrs. Funck up to a few months ago, and left on account of some ill-feeling, the family having accused him of circulating reports that he was engaged to Katie and of speaking improperly of them.

The girls were sitting outside the door last night when Treber passed by, and they told their mother that he called them improper names. She advised them to horsewhip him, and one of them got a cane and the other a whip and ran after him, and beat him until he put his hand in a back pocket, when they weakened and ran away.

Treber, who bears a good reputation, denies having used the language attributed to him.

Mary Sylvester's Virtue.

There are few people in Minneapolis, Minn., who would be willing to believe that a young lady of good reputation, good sense and above reproach in her conduct, could not enter a business place in that city without being subjected to the risk of personal violence, but it is absolutely true. The experience of pretty little Mary Sylvester, who went to Minneapolis from Page's hotel at Excelsior, where she had worked all summer, confirms the assertion that there are a few men in that city whose necks would look better adorned with hemp than with a white collar and necktie.

Miss Sylvester is a pretty country girl of 19 years, entirely unused to life in the city. When she arrived in Minneapolis she applied for work at the intelligence office of Lew Murray, 517 Hennepin avenue. Murray made her his clerk, took her to the dime museum in the evening and on pretense of hunting her a boarding house, piloted her into a well-known assignation house, where by choking and threats he tried to accomplish her ruin. Becoming desperate, she told him if he would relinquish his grasp she would submit.

When he released his hold she jumped from the bed and through an open window thirty feet to the ground below, breaking her left jaw and all of the ribs on her left side. She is also internally injured and cannot live. Excitement is running very high and there is serious talk of lynching the villain.

A Sensation in the Sherman House.

A lively diversion was created in the Sherman House bar and office, Chicago, the other evening, by H N. Campbell, of Waukesha, Wis., who is a guest of the hotel. Campbell is only 28 years old. He is the stepson of a Waukesha millionaire, and having completed a course of law study in Philadelphia, is now en route to Dakota.

He stopped off in Chicago to arm himself after the fashion prevailing among the inhabitants of the ambitious territory wherein he intends to practice his profession. His purchases consisted of a 44-calibre revolver a foot and a half long, a cartridge belt, several thousand cartridges, and a huge bowie-knife.

After making several visits to the bar, Campbell was struck with the idea that it would be a good thing to buckle on his armament. He did so, and when he called for the next drink presented a sufficiently warlike appearance to make everybody in the room nervous. Not content with so mild an effect, he suddenly whipped out his big gun and smilingly thrust it under the nose of a man standing near him at the bar.

The man turned pale and sloped. Campbell took another drink and sauntered into the office, where he flourished his revolver in a very murderous manner indeed, and he might even have gone to the length of drawing his knife had not an inconsiderate policeman dropped in and disarmed him, and also locked him up at the Central station to sober off. As the legal fledgling had neglected to provide himself with a license to carry weapons, his armament was confiscated.

All Hands Lost.

A special from Marquette, Mich., Sept. 8, says: The schooner Niagara, which sailed last week from Ashland for Ashtabula, foundered six miles above White Fish Point, in the gale of yesterday.

The crew of ten men were lost. The captain was H. Clement, and his family are said to have been on board with him. If so the death list will be greatly increased.

The schooner was ore-laden and must have sunk at once.

The ill-fated Lucerne, which went down off Ashland last fall when eleven persons were drowned, was the sailing mate of the Niagara. The vessel lost yesterday was owned by Jas. Corrigan, of Cleveland.

Capt. Delos Waite, of the steamer Idaho, just arrived, reports passing the wreck of the Niagara at 11:30 A. M. to-day. She lies in nine fathoms of water ten miles this side of White Fish Point and five miles from shore. Her mizzenmast just reaches above water and her main and foremasts are floating near with other pieces of wreckage. Capt. Waite saw no traces of any of her ill-fated crew, and says that though not many miles from the shore and the White Fish Point Life Saving Station no small boat could have lived in the terrible sea which was running there on Wednesday. The United Empire, which arrived at the Sault during the day, reports that it was the worst sea her crew ever experienced, and when the Idaho came up it was still running.

ALIVE IN MEXICO.

Several years ago Marsh T. Polk robbed the State Treasury of Tennessee of several hundred thousand dollars while serving as State Treasurer. He fled, but was subsequently arrested and returned to Nashville. In due time he was reported to have sickened and died. His body was shipped from Nashville to Bolivar, Tenn., where it was deposited in the ground. Now comes the news that one Gamble, a prominent citizen of Anniston, Ala., has just returned home from an extended visit in the city of Mexico, and while there he met Polk on the street and talked with him. He made further investigations and found him in business in that city. The affair has caused no little excitement in Chattanooga. Gamble was well acquainted with Polk while he was Treasurer of Tennessee.

MISS MINNIE JEOFFREYS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This fascinating young soubrette is pictured on another page.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse Than Weakness.

Edward Faust.

Lebanon and Lykens, Pa., and Hagerstown, in Maryland, are interested in Edward J. Faust, alias James W. Fiske.

After having had three wives and various adventures, he left his home in Hagerstown three weeks ago, and it is believed he has gone to South America. He married his first wife in Lebanon county, Pa. His second lived with him under the name of Fiske at Lykens. His third victim is left at Hagerstown. He is a dandy in his line.

A SUPERB TRIBUTE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On another page we print a photograph taken expressly for this paper of the magnificent floral tribute presented by Richard K. Fox to Jake Kilrain on the occasion of the latter's testimonial benefit at the Academy of Music.

MORE INDIAN TROUBLES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Butte City, Mont., Aug. 6, says: A special to the *Miner* from Calgary, Northwest territory, says trouble is feared among the Blackfeet Indians.

About ten days ago an Indian was shot at by a white soldier for some trifling cause and seriously hurt. His tribe were much incensed, and at once would have attacked the assailant. After a few days the wounded Indian died and the news was sent through all the tribes. Simultaneously with this another Indian named Deerfoot escaped from the jail here and reached the reservation. The police demanded his return, but the young braves refused to divulge his hiding-place. Consequently two large detachments of mounted police, under Col. Hirchmer, will proceed to the reservation from here and Ft. McLeod, and effect Deerfoot's arrest. Another force has been detailed from Regina as a reserve. With the present excited state of feeling among the Indians, serious trouble is feared, and the residents of Calgary feel a most lively alarm. The Blackfeet are the most powerful tribe in the Northwest and would be a terrible foe if they went on the warpath. There is also no doubt but if they break out, other tribes, notably the Crees, will follow them on the warpath.

W. EDGAR STORER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The name of Officer Storer has become almost as famous in New York newpaper offices as that of Inspector Alex. Williams. Storer was a special officer, of the Richmond county police, who kept order on the Staten Island ferryboats. About a year ago he gave offence to the reporter of a morning newspaper, who threatened to "fix" him in return. Early this spring the officer had a difficulty with a drunken and gigantic Englishman, for which he was so savagely attacked in the paper in question that a magistrate was bulldozed into holding him for trial on the charge of assault. The grand jury threw out the indictment and the "injured" complainant is now doing time for theft. Recently Storer arrested a German for a breach of the peace on a Staten Island boat, and the morning paper again broke out in furious vituperation. A week before the hearing of Storer's complaint against the German, two of the three Richmond County Police Commissioners met and secretly "broke" him—the third refusing to assist. Yet, curiously enough, when the trial of the German came up Storer was a second time vindicated by his conviction. In spite of this the two commissioners have not rescinded their action. It is generally considered the most rascally piece of business of which even a police board was ever guilty.

A BULL-FIGHT WITH PITCHFORKS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A correspondent at Hinsdale, Ill., Sept. 9, writes: Farmer Lyman, a resident of the southern part of Downer's Grove Township, was gored to death by a bull on Wednesday. Mr. Lyman and another man went into the pasture to look at some cattle, and the bull attacked Mr. Lyman. His companion escaped to a barn, and he and another man mounted horses, armed themselves with pitchforks and galloped back to the rescue. They found Mr. Lyman dead.

The bull stood near the mutilated body, bellowing angrily. His eyes were rolling, froth was dripping from his mouth and his tail was lashing the air. The excited horsemen charged fiercely upon him with the pitchforks, and after a stubborn fight he ran away. Returning to the body of Mr. Lyman, the men found it terribly mutilated and disfigured. One ear was torn off and he was nearly disembowelled. Mr. Lyman's companion says that when the infuriated bull first knocked his victim down Mr. Lyman lay still, and the animal simply walked around his prostrate form, pawing and bellowing. It was then that the eye-witness ran for a horse, thinking that Mr. Lyman would lie still untill he should arrive armed. It is supposed that Mr. Lyman got up, and that the animal then renewed the attack, which resulted in Mr. Lyman's death.

DRUGGED AND ROBRED.

D. B. Saller Lured to a House in Cincinnati and Relieved of $300 and a Watch and Chain.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our Cincinnati correspondent writes: A robbery savoring very much of the old-time "panel racket" was perpetrated in Libbie Moore's house, No. 145 Elm street, some time yesterday afternoon. The victim was D. B. Saller, a saloon-keeper and ex-policeman of Lexington, Ky. The amount for which he was "touched" was $300 in cash and a gold watch and chain valued at $100.

Saller arrived in this city yesterday morning on his way East, where he was to join his wife. Concluding to stop over for the day, he started out to take in the town. In his perambulations he imbibed considerably and made a display of his wealth, which soon caused him to be picked out as a soft mark by a young man, who proceeded to make himself extremely affable and manifested great interest in the gentleman from Kentucky.

Saller and his new acquaintance continued in the round of pleasure, which the former had effectually begun. As a result, Saller became well under the influence of liquor, and consequently indiscreet. When the noon hour arrived and his new acquaintance invited him to his home for dinner, Saller was too full for utterence and accepted the kind proffer. The stranger's room proved to be in the house above referred to. There he and a woman professing to be the fellow's wife rented an apartment about four days ago.

Their names Mrs. Moore claims not to know. At all events, Saller was dined and given more liquor, which was probably drugged, until he became practically paralyzed. He was then put to bed and knew no more until about 8 o'clock last evening, when he awoke in total darkness to find himself the only tenant of the room. Groping his way to the door, to his surprise he found that he had been locked in. A few vigorous raps and calls for help soon brought Moore and his wife to the door and it was opened. In the meantime Saller, still under the influence of the liquor which he had imbibed, discovered that his watch and chain was gone. A further inventory of his effects developed that $300 of his money had been extracted from his wallet, which had been carefully returned to his pocket after being relieved of the most of its contents. That the robbery was committed by the unknown man and woman is beyond question. After relieving their victim of his roll they locked the door and skipped for more congenial parts. In the pocket book, however, a small roll containing $100 was left. The failure of the thieves to take this is attributed to the fact that the wrapper was a new bill, and was probably taken for an advertisement or Confederate scrip. Upon discovering his loss Saller called at Central Station and detailed his sad experience. As he was still intoxicated he was taken to a hotel and put away for the night.

KIDNAPPED HIS OWN CHILD.

His Wife Pursued Him on the Street Until She Fell From Exhaustion.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A correspondent at New Brunswick, N. J., Sept. 9, writes: The wild cries of a woman startled the residents of John street at an early hour last night. Those who were attracted by the screams saw a female running after a phaeton, in which sat a middle-aged man. He grasped a crying child with one hand, while with the other he plied the whip to his horse and urged him away from the scene with shouts and blows. The woman fell fainting in the road, and was picked up by some men who had joined the crowd which was following the phaeton.

The woman when sufficiently revived to tell her story, said her name was Mrs. John McCall Dory, and that her husband was the man in the phaeton, and that he had just stolen her infant daughter from her. The woman, who is about twenty years old, grew almost frantic while relating her tale and broke away from those who had aided in restoring her to consciousness and ran to Police Headquarters. Here she stated that she had married Dory four months ago. He was a well-to-do farmer of Cranbury, she said, and had met her at Ocean Grove. On Tuesday her husband had threatened to shoot her and she left his home with her child and came to this city, seeking a home with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Bunting of John street.

Dory drove to this city this afternoon and begged his wife to return to his home. Upon her refusal he tore the child from her arms and ran out of Bunting's residence to his phaeton and escaped out of the city as detailed above. Chief of Police Fourat advised the woman to return to her sister's home and efforts would be made to-morrow to compel Dory to restore the child. Mrs. Dory was inconsolable last night, and it is feared her reason will be dethroned if she does not secure possession of her child.

BESIEGING A BOSTON FAMILY.

Constables Outside and Mr. Connors' Family Holding the Fort Nobly.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A Boston special, Sept. 9, says: The residents of the West End have for several days been watching with considerable interest a battle between a tenant and constables at Mount Vernon place. Some eighteen or twenty years ago a Mr. Connors hired a house in the above place, and a year or so ago let the first story to a man named Lane. Recently Lane secured a lease of the property, and ordered Connors to move. The latter refused to do so, and constables were engaged by Lane to put him out. Connors learned that the constables were going to call Monday afternoon and he barricaded the doors and windows. The constables came, but failed to reach Connors' apartments. They have been in and around the house night and day since, but have not yet gained admittance.

Connor's family managed to communicate with some friends, and they are keeping the family supplied with food and fuel. The friends bring the fuel and food to the side of the house and the Connors lower a rope from their window. The goods are fastened on the rope, and the Connors hoist them up. The fight will probably be a long one, as both the constables and Connor say they intend to stick it out.

The men who term themselves constables do not, under the law of the State, have any authority to break in the doors. As long as the beseiged family hold out and continue the barricade, the evictors cannot come in. They remain in the entry night and day and await an opening of the door. The five burly evictors were discovered when Connor was out and he has not been able to get to his family. He hovers about the house and sends up provisions, holding conversation with his wife and five children from the sidewalk or through the keyhole. He shouts encouragement to them, and to-night Mrs. Connor, from her bedroom window, assured a correspondent that she would stick it out. The correspondent tied a pound of candy to the rope for the children, and sent up a daily paper for the worthy woman to read. She gratefully acknowledged the compliment, and asked the correspondent to call again.

A BROKER'S THIRST FOR GORE.

He Wants Mayor Gleason Thrashed and Attacks Commissioner Kavanagh.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mayor Gleason, of Long Island City, was in a barber's hands in that fragrant municipality, recently, when a reporter asked him about his misunderstanding with a broker named Moran, said to be Daniel A. Moran, of No. 27 Pine street, this city. His Honor smiled and remarked, "Oh, it didn't amount to much, and I haven't been arrested yet. Moran must have kept the warrant he took out in his pocket."

Mayor Gleason emphatically denied having struck or slapped Moran.

"He came into my office," said the Mayor, "about 8 o'clock the other evening, and had evidently been dining too well, for he had difficulty climbing up stairs. Edward Maher and Peter O'Toole, of New York, were chatting with me. Moran interrupted us, talking boisterously. Having known him many years, I treated him well and tried to quiet him. But he wouldn't stop. I began to talk about his dealings in Long Island City bonds, which he has sold for the city and which paid him large commissions. He claimed that money is still due him, but such is not the fact. We left the office and went over to the depot, as I wanted to get him on to a train to his residence in Bay Shore. But he didn't want to go. Then he became abusive, but I did not assault him. I may have pushed or pulled him."

Moran and the party then went into Miller's Hotel, where they met School Commissioner Kavanagh. Ed. Rutledge, a cigar dealer in the saloon, who saw the trouble, said that Mayor Gleason and Messrs. Maher and O'Toole sat down and refused to drink with Moran, who, thereupon, offered to treat Commissioner Kavanagh. Before they drank, however, Moran called Kavanagh names, and, without warning, struck him in the face, whereupon Kavanagh promptly knocked Moran down, giving him a black eye. He was picked up and taken by a watchman to a police station for safe keeping, although he was not under arrest.

Mayor Gleason had Moran brought to New York in a cab. The driver said he took the broker to the St. James Hotel, but he did not register if he stopped there. The clerk there said he knew nothing about Moran.

Moran, it seems, met Justice Delahanty after the row with Kavanagh and told him that Mayor Gleason had assaulted him. Mayor Gleason and the Justice do not "speak as they pass by," and it is believed by the Mayor's friends that Delahanty was delighted at a chance to get His Honor where he could administer to him a judicial pounding. He issued a warrant for Mayor Gleason, charging him with assault, and gave the document to Moran, but what he did with it is not known.

While in Miller's saloon Moran offered to give $50 if somebody would thrash Mayor Gleason. Nobody would take the offer.

At No. 27 Pine street the reporter was informed that Mr. Moran had gone out of town, but that he was not the Moran who had the trouble with Mayor Gleason.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

Narrow Escape From Death of Commercial Traveler Harty in a Baltimore Hotel.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Baltimore, Sept. 7, says: The all-absorbing topic of conversation among the traveling men yesterday was the attack upon Mr. E. R. Harty, at the Eutaw House, Monday afternoon. All along Sharp and Hanover streets, where the large wholesale houses are, it seemed as if the men could talk of nothing else. Around the Eutaw House, in the morning, there were knots of men standing discussing the affair. All day there was a constant stream of people to the hotel office, asking how Mr. Harty was, what were his chances for living, and if they could be of use to him in any way. He rested comparatively well Monday night. He was visited at intervals during the night by Dr. Fuller. He was attended by Mr. B. P. Beard, Mr. L. M. Fouche and Mr. H. R. Micks, of the firm of Boykin, Carmer & Co., by whom he was employed. He was told in the morning that his parents had been telegraphed for, and he awaited their coming anxiously. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Harty reached the Union Depot at 10 o'clock, where they were met by Mr. Micks and driven to the Eutaw House. They were very much grieved. Mrs. Harty seemed unable to bear her trouble. When she was told that much depended upon his being kept quiet, she became composed and bore up bravely.

The young man made an effort to be bright and cheerful when he met his parents, and endeavored to talk; but the attendant forbade it, and he became quiet and tried to rest, though suffering much pain. Mr. James Harty made no reference to the affair at all to his son, as the doctors thought it best not to excite him by talking about it. His parents, later in the day, were given rooms on the fourth floor, where the sufferer is lying.

The indignation of the young man's friends was at fever heat Monday night. It would have gone hard with Madden had he been caught. The dispute about the fruit and the impudence of the waiter passed very quickly, and hardly any one saw it, though the dining room was filled. When Mr. Harty threw the glass and the sauce bottle at him it attracted the attention of every one in the room, although the accounts given by all vary a little.

Madden, who committed the assault, is yet at large, though it is said one of the city detectives has obtained a clew and will apprehend him to-day. Mr. W. M. Reamer, a clerk in the hotel, says if called upon he can identify Madden. He is a mulatto, about 5 feet 9 inches in height. His face is hatchet-shaped, with sharp chin and slight mustache and whiskers. He wore dark clothing. He was employed by the hotel on the 1st of August last. Col. Wood, the manager of the Eutaw House, has offered a reward of $50 for the man's apprehension.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.

Captain B. F. Cogan.

Captain Bernard F. Cogan the inventer of the whaling bombgun that bears his name, and one of the most successful whaleship masters of modern days, is a native of Ireland. He first visited the Arctic ocean in 1851 on board the bark General Pike, of New Bedford. Previous to sailing as master, Captain Cogan served on board of several vessels belonging to the port of Honolulu. Working his way up from before the mast, Captain Cogan has achieved distinction among the entire fleet of whalemen belonging to both this port and New Bedford, of being the luckiest man as a whaler, and possessing more coolness in combats with ice than any other master. The only vessel that Captain Cogan has lost was the bark Rainbow, in 1885. As the financial result of his voyages he owns large portions in several whaling ships that sail from San Francisco.

Base Ball Despots.

On another page we publish a team of baseball players, which includes the magnates of the National Baseball League.

Charles Haight and Wife.

The shocking killing of Mrs. Carrie Haight by her husband at West Urbana, near Hammondsport, N. Y., set the whole surrounding county in a flood of excitement. Haight finished the desperate work by committing suicide by the side of his slain spouse.

Merwin and Montgomery.

Jesse E. Merwin, the agent of the National Express Company at Glen Falls, N. Y., skipped away recently with some $6,000 belonging to the company. He took with him Mrs. Mary Montgomery, a grass widow of a festive nature, from Albany, N. Y., whose dizzy phiz appears alongside of the skipper, Merwin, on another page.

Edward Sheldon.

The very sensational and most mysterious murder of Mrs. Ada Stone in her own house at Rochester, N. Y., has at last been solved by the capture and confession of Edward Sheldon, a young tramp well known in that section of the country. He tells a very cool and brutal story of the killing, which has already appeared in all the daily papers. We give on our illustrated pages a very correct portrait of the young murderer after his arrest.

SCANDAL IN THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For some days there have been hints of a great scandal in the Post Office Department at Washington. It is said that an attractive young woman, who has been particularly favored in the way of promotion for some years, was recently seen to tear in pieces a note which had been handed to her. One of the clerks in the room picked up the pieces and pasted them together. It proved to be a note from the chief of the division in which the girl is employed, which showed that improper relations have existed between the two. The chief is a married man. The clerk took the note to the Acting Postmaster-General, Col. Stevenson, who concluded to await the return of Mr. Vilas before taking any action. It is expected that when the Postmaster-General returns there will be a big scandal, in which a number of prominent people will be involved.

TRAGEDY IN SCHENECTADY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Schenectady, Sept. 9, says: Fred. Knight, aged thirty-five years, a moulder, who has hitherto borne a good reputation, met Miss Ida Wallace, a young woman whose conduct has made her the subject of scandal, in a restaurant on Schenetady street at noon to-day, and, after a commonplace conversation with her, drew a revolver, and without warning shot her in the right ear. She fell unconscious, and the horrified spectators made no attempt to detain Knight, who started immediately in the direction of the city police station. On the way he met one Teller, and told him that he had shot a woman and was going to surrender himself. Soon afterward he met Chief of Police Campbell, to whom he surrendered. At the station he said:

"I shot the woman and I meant to kill her. I hope she is dead."

Knight's wife, who was very respectable, died a few months ago. Some time before her death she left her husband and, having no friends, went to the county almshouse, where, it is alleged, she died from a disease contracted from her husband. Knight says he shot Ida Wallace because she was primarily responsible for the death of his wife. The physicians say she will die.

[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by OLLIVIER, Broadway, New York.]

MISS MINNIE JEOFFREYS,

THE FASCINATING AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG SOUBRETTE ACTRESS.

[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K FOX by ROBINSON & ROE, New York.]

DAN SULLY,

THE BRILLIANT AND SUCCESSFUL COMEDIAN NOW STARRING IN "A FAMILY AFFAIR."

A BULL FIGHT WITH PITCHFORKS.

FARMER LYMAN OF DOWNER'S GROVE, NEAR HINSDALE, ILLINOIS, IS TAKEN UNAWARES AND DISEMBOWELLED BY A FIERCE BOVINE.

THE MAYOR AND THE BROKER.

HOW THE CHIEF MUNICIPAL OFFICER OF LONG ISLAND CITY DISCIPLINED DRUNKEN DAN MORAN.

THE CAUSE OF A WAR

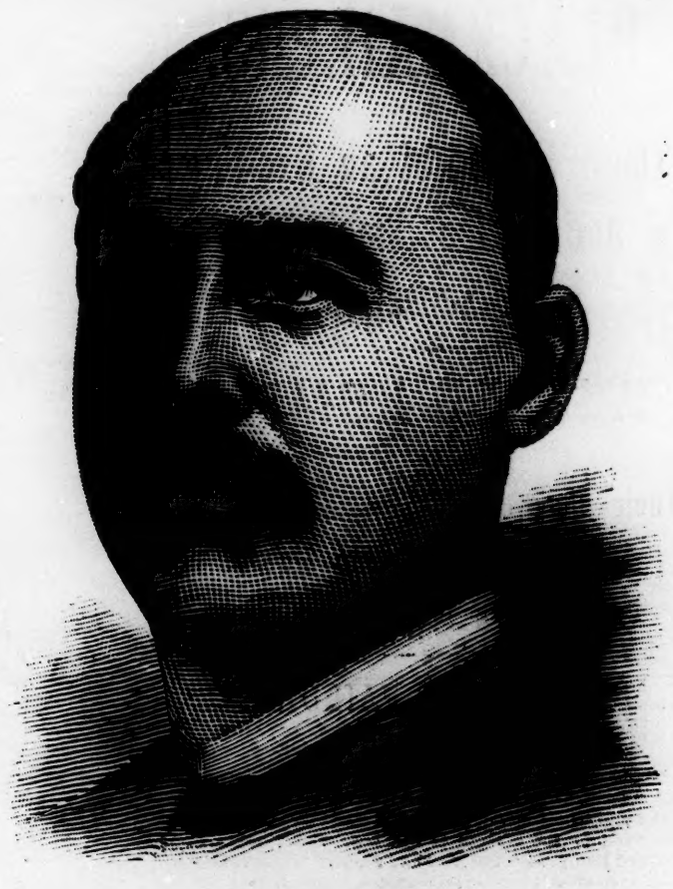
A BLACKFOOT INDIAN IS SHOT BY A WHITE SOLDIER AT CALGARY, NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

W. EDGAR STORER,

AN EXCELLENT OFFICER WHO WAS UNJUSTLY TREATED BY A PACKED POLICE BOARD IN RICHMOND COUNTY, N. Y.

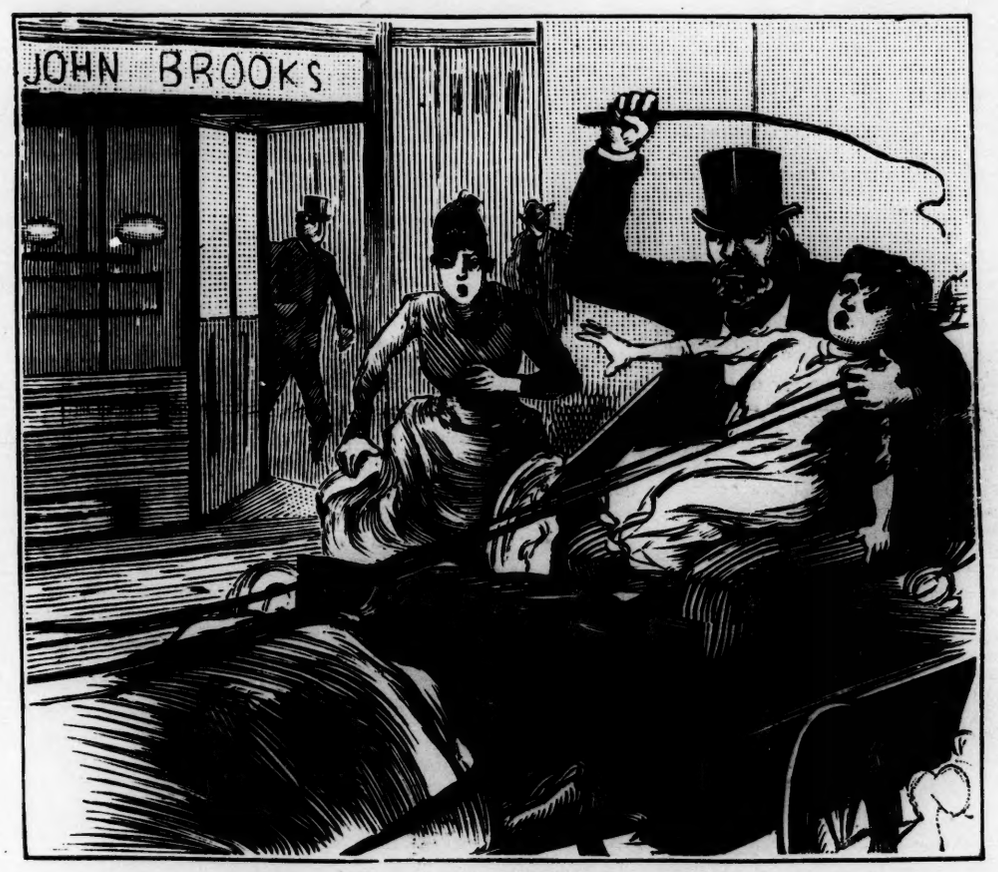
MRS. CARRIE HAIGHT,

WHO WAS CRUELLY SHOT DOWN BY HER ANGRY HUSBAND IN A QUARREL, WEST URBANA, NEAR HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.



CHARLES HAIGHT,

WHO KILLED HIS WIFE CARRIE IN A DESPERATE FIT OF PASSION, AND BLEW HIS OWN BRAINS OUT, WEST URBANA, N. Y.

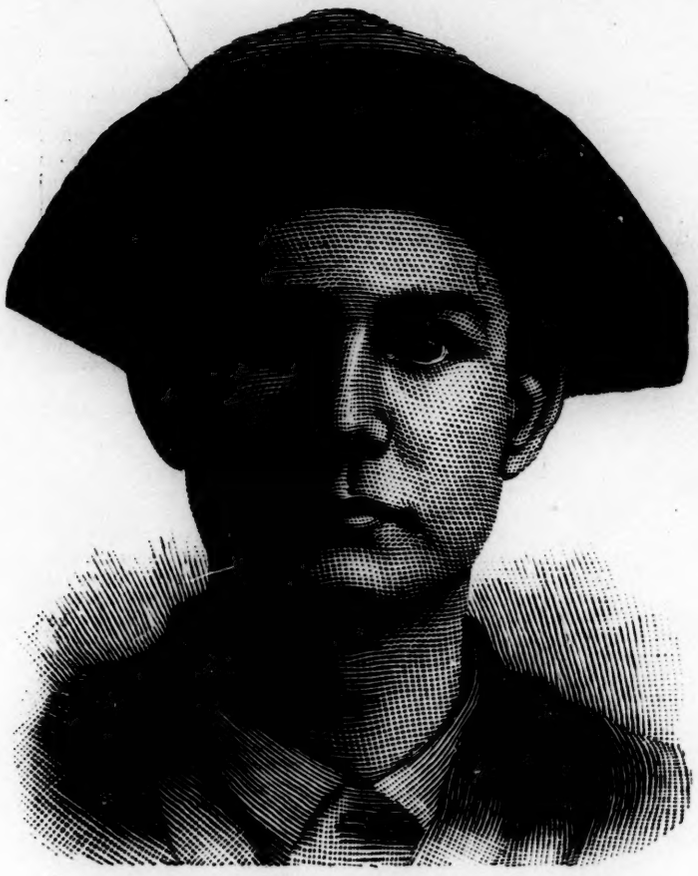


KIDNAPPED HIS OWN CHILD.

JOHN MCCALL DORY AND HIS WIFE MAKE A GREAT SENSATION IN NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.

BLOODY RIOT.

A FRIGHTFUL CONFLICT AMONG COAL-MINERS IN WHICH THE IRISHMEN AND GERMANS LAID OUT THE ITALIANS NEAR HAZLETON, PA.



EDWARD SHELDON,

THE TRAMP WHO CONFESSES TO THE VERY SENSATIONAL AND MISTERIOUS MURDER OF MRS. IDA STONE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MRS. MAY MONTGOMERY,

THE GAY GRASS-WIDOW WHO RAN OFF WITH SKIPPER MERWIN THE EXPRESS AGENT OF GLEN FALLS, N. Y.

JESSE E. MERWIN,

THE EXPRESS AGENT WHO SKIPPED OFF WITH SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS AND MRS. MONTGOMERY FROM GLEN FALLS, N. Y.

BLACKMAILERS.

The Wind Up of an Exciting and Curious Blackmailing Sensation.

WICKED KEMPS.

Their Deep Laid Scheme to Send an Innocent Man to Sing Sing for Life.

ITS UTTER FAILURE.

Until recently there was a prisoner in Ludlow street jail, whose career has been a series of remarkable episodes and whose acquaintance was considered dangerous even by the officers of the law. Harry Edward Clifford Kemp, says the *Mail and Express*, was a young man of modest, pleasing appearance, with a handsome face and stylish bearing. He was a native of England, and was twenty-two years old when, in November, 1886, he became an inmate of the jail. At that time he wore an elegant-fitting cutaway suit of black diagonal, a Derby hat, gold-bowed eyeglasses, and several gold rings. His watch chain, scarf pins, umbrellas and canes were all of the latest patterns and were all worn with a distingue air indicative of good breeding. Within two days after he became a prisoner he startled New York by one of the most remarkable stories of a conspiracy to defraud that have ever aroused the public of even this city of wonderful sensations.

On the night of his second day he sent word to In-

KEMP ON THE STAND.

spector Byrnes that he could put him on the track of a terrible crime and swindle. He was taken to police headquarters and there told, in the most nonchalent manner, this story: He had been, for some months previous, the bookkeeper for Anton Reves, an Italian manufacturer of fine cloaks, at No. 50 Lispenard street, who had failed a short time before. It was on the charge of embezzlement preferred by Anton's son, Ignatio, that he had been arrested. He now swore that this charge had not been made in good faith, but was planned to get him out of the way and shut his mouth. The reason for this, he alleged, was that he knew of a conspiracy in which his employer was engaged to defraud the insurance companies. He said that his employer, his employer's son, a public fire adjuster, William E. Ettinger, and another named Harris, had plotted to set fire to Reves store by means of oil fuses, after altering the stock books and removing the stock.

With the same perfect indifference Kemp boldly proclaimed his own participation in the affair and gave so complete and detailed an account of the plot that the police were fully justified in believing, as they did, that they had come upon the track of a great crime. Nothing seemed easier than to corroborate the story told by Kemp; and so assured was Byrnes of his success that, departing from his usual course in such matters, which is to wait until the corroborating evidence is in his hands, he called in the reporters and told them the whole story. The papers the next day were full of it, and people read of the alleged rascality with amazement and indignation. Reves had been arrested the night before at his home on Second avenue, and was bailed for examination at the Tombs police court on a charge of conspiracy to commit arson. The other alleged conspirators were not arrested, but were kept under surveillance by the police. The affair had made such a stir that the district attorney appeared at the examinations to prosecute the cloak maker, a very unusual proceeding. Kemp was the first witness, but even he did not attract so much attention from the crowd that crushed its way into the court room as did his beautiful wife.

She was a young woman, not over twenty, with a remarkable pair of languishing black eyes, long dark eyelashes, glossy, coal-black hair, clear complexion and a tall commanding figure. She was a trifle taller than her husband, and had a fascinating sinuous grace about her that won the hearts of everybody. She was dressed in exquisite taste and developed a great interest in the trial. Her husband was the only person in that crowded room who regarded her with apparent indifference. Kemp testified in a cool, calm and collected manner. He said that he had secured his position with Reves through the intervention of a former bookkeeper, named Stewart. He had been there but a short time when, in conversation with Stewart, he learned that Reves' affairs were in a shakey condition and that Reves was a man to be careful of. One day, when he had been there three weeks, Reves came to him and asked him to meet him that night at the Utah House, at Eighth avenue and Twenty-fifth street. He (the witness) knew then that Reves was liable to fail and that it was utterly impossible for him to meet his liabilities.

Kemp met him at the appointed hour. They went into a private wine room and sat down. Reves ordered wine and cigars. Then he asked the witness whether he would like to earn $2,000 in any easy manner. Kemp replied that he would be pleased to get the opportunity. Reves told him that he had a plan which would enable him to do this very easily. It was simply to fix the stock books so as to make it appear that there was $40,000 more of stock than there really was. Then they would remove a large part of the stock to the store of certain friends and set the place on fire. In that way he would make enough out of the insurance companies to be able to pay him $2,000 for his services and at the same time could pay on his debts. Kemp refused to take part in the scheme and told a fellow employee about it. Two weeks afterward Reves spoke to him again on the same subject and this time he agreed. Together they went to the office of Ettinger, the public fire adjuster, and he agreed to fix the fire for them. Ettinger said he and another fire adjuster named Harris would attend to the fire if Kemp would fix the books.

The date was fixed for November 28. Ignatio, the cloak manufacturer's son, and one of Ettinger's clerks, were determined upon as the persons to do the actual firing. Ignatio, Kemp alleged, had set fire to Reves' place before in the same manner, and it was owing to his extravagance that Reves had again gotten himself into financial embarrassment. Kemp mentioned the names of three persons, all of whom, he alleged, knew about Ignatio's previous experience as a firebug. After doctoring the books Kemp said that he began to feel that Reves was trying to freeze him out, and doubts began to assail him as to whether he would really get the money that had been promised him for his part in the conspiracy. So he collected $381 from Garry Brothers, which was due to Reves, and spent part of it in buying tickets to Europe for his wife and himself.

Reves learned of it and had him arrested. He was arraigned before Justice Duffy, but was discharged at Reves' own request, Reves being afraid he might give away the plot, and re-employed him at a higher salary than before. Three days later he was again arrested on Ignatio's charge of embezzlement, and locked up in Ludlow street jail. The witness gave his testimony with the utmost appearance of candor. His straightforward manners and detailed account strongly impressed every one, and when the lawyer for the prisoner objected to Mrs. Kemp prompting her husband, all looked daggers at him. The witness bore the cross-examination the next day with great firmness, although he was somewhat embarrassed when asked whether he had not attempted to elope with an actress, and whether his wife had not for some time supported him. The latter blushed when it leaked out that she had taken the part of the Vanishing Lady, in a parody of Magician Herrmann's tricks, at Koster & Bial's concert saloon.

The following day Kemp was hauled over the coals, however, and before long it became evident that there were more lies than one entangled in the web which he had attempted to draw around his former employer. It was shown that he had taken without leave from other employers, and the witnesses whom the police had relied on to corroborate his testimony swore they would not believe him under oath. Reves

THE KEMPS AT HOME.

testified that the only reason he had not pressed the charge of larceny before Justice Duffy was because Kemp had begged so hard to be let off, and had promised to show by the books where he had taken other sums.

He denied emphatically the whole of Kemp's charge. Ettinger also swore that so far as he was concerned the whole story was a fabrication. Still the odds seemed against Reves, and it was only after further strong evidence, detrimental to Kemp's character, had been adduced, that the case was dismissed with the sanction of the District Attorney.

Altogether it has been one of the most cleverly concocted schemes to send an innocent man to State prison that has ever come to light in this city. Kemp and his beautiful wife made a good team, and so thoroughly were they imbued with the spirit of blackmail that even the deputy sheriffs who had them under their charge were relieved when they were rid of them. Young and handsome and of good family, they were as clever a pair of swindlers as ever were caught. Between them they came so near to accomplishing their purpose with Reves that he was extremely thankful to drop them as soon as he was himself freed.

In fact, there is strong reason to believe that the beauty of the wife was made to serve in securing the release of the husband. Certain it is that at a time when everybody supposed Ignatio Reves would, impelled by just feelings of revenge, desire to push his charge against the man who came so near ruining his father forever, all became quiet. Reves showed no inclination to prosecute, and manifested no opposition when Kemp pleaded that he was a pauper and unable to pay what he had embezzled. Consequently Kemp was released and with his wife recently sailed for Europe. He is probably in England by this time.

PUTTING UP THE JOB.

BLOODY RIOT.

One Man Killed—Many Wounded and Some of Them Will Die of Their Injuries.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Wilkesbarre, Pa., September 6, says: A bloody riot took place at Hazleton last evening. For a long time a bad feeling has existed between the Irish and Italian laborers of the place. The Irish and Germans accused the Italians of undermining them and working in the mines for less wages. Affairs were brought to a crisis last week when a whole colony of Italians—sixty in number—arrived from Castle Garden to work in the mines.

Saturday was pay day, and in the evening there was more or less whisky consumed. The Irish and German laborers held a secret meeting early Sunday morning and resolved to "clean out" all the Italians in the place. John Cannon, of Janesville, was selected leader. Accordingly, on Sunday afternoon, the Irish and Germans, to the number of 155, proceeded to the Italian headquarters. Every man was armed with a stout pick handle and some carried rocks in their pockets. Only a few had firearms in their possession. The Italians got word of what was in the air and they all collected in their houses, which stood side by side. When the attacking party came up they fired rocks and bricks into the windows, smashing all the glass and breaking in the door. This scared the Italians very badly. The invading party then started to set fire to the buildings for the purpose of burning up the "cheap Italians," as they called them.

Mike Redmond, one of the leaders of the attacking party, got on top of the roof and commenced cutting a hole through the shingles. He was fired upon from within and fell to the pavement with a bullet-hole in his head. This enraged the attacking party and they made another terrible onslaught on the Italian houses. The Italians determined to make an attack from the place, and under the leadership of "Big Fresh" they sallied forth. They were armed with stilettos, butcher-knives and pistols. The attacking party did not expect this, and were taken by surprise.

The Italians make a rush for the enemy, and before the latter could recover from their surprise their lines were broken and they became badly demoralized. A terrible hand to-hand struggle ensued, in which the Italians used their stilettos with deadly effect. They slashed and cut in every direction, and many of the Irish and Germans who were intoxicated fell to the ground and were left weltering in their own blood.

The people of the whole town now flocked to the scene of the riot, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The nine constables of the town were entirely helpless with such a large mob. The Burgess mounted a carriage and beseeched the mob not to shed any more blood, but his advice was of no avail.

The attacking party, after a retreat down Pine street, got reinforcements and returned to the scene. They outnumbered the Italians three to one. Italy's sons were unable to contend against such large numbers, and when the attacking party came up they fled to their homes. The Irish and Germans followed, and pounded the Italians with pick handles. Several revolvers were fired. Cries of murder rent the air. Women and children cried, children screamed, and the scene was an awful one. The Italians ran to their cellars, where they had any.

Darkness finally put a stop to the battle. Michael Briskoe, Italian, was killed. He was shot back of the head. Fresh Mitski had his skull fractured. He will die. John Matenis had his two arms broken and he is fatally hurt internally. Antoni Pechi, Gustavus Sencho and Jake Mezzi were severely wounded. Mike Brady and Redmond are believed to be fatally injured. Two other Italians, whose names could not be learned, were also slashed and cut.

THE VANISHING LADY CONFESSES.

KU-KLUXED.

Murderous Work of a Band of Assassins in the Town of Credo, W. Va.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Cattlettsburg, Ky., September 6, says: The little town of Credo, West Virginia, two miles above this place, is in a terrible state of excitement occasioned by a brutal assault on two of its aged and reputable citizens. A. Bush, aged eighty-two years, was awakened at 5 o'clock A. M. by a noise in his basement and kitchen. On repairing to the scene he was confronted by men, either negroes or white men blacked, who had helped themselves to all the eatables come-at-able. Mr. Bush ordered them off his premises and they demanded what money he had in his possession. A struggle ensued and in the melee he was shot three times, once in the forehead, once in the breast, and once in the abdomen. He, although mortally wounded, still lingers, but there are no hopes of his recovery. His wife, hearing the firing, rushed to the scene only to receive a bullet in her forehead. She is seventy-eight years old, and only thought to be slighty wounded.

A twelve-year-old grandson of the aged couple was in the house, who started to give the alarm. In his escape he was fired at several times but none of the shots took effect. He soon raised the natives, who organized and started in hot pursuit of the men who had committed the dastardly assault, and, although the indignant populace has scoured the surrounding country, no clew has been obtained of the robbers and would-be murderers. Should the perpetrators be caught they will be speedily lynched.

After having left Mr. Bush for dead, as they supposed, the villains robbed Mrs. Bush of $45 and departed. As the country is very rough, probably the worst in the little mountain State, it is thought they have made good their escape to the wilds.

The pay car over the N. N. & M. V. Railroad was due along last night, and a huge obstruction was placed on the track near the residence of Mr. Bush, evidently for the purpose of wrecking and robbing the train, but about daylight a freight train came along and cleared the track Being fooled in this, the parties visited Mr. Bush's, and the result is as stated above.

The POLICE GAZETTE is sent regularly to any address 13 weeks for $1. Order through your newsdealer or direct from the publisher, RICHARD K. FOX.

BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green Diamond of America's National Game.

Ben F. Young,

Or "Honest Ben," as he is called, was born in 1858. He attended Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio, and being the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, was intended for the ministry. He, however, took a dislike to the latter vocation. He played first base on the University team, from which Andrews, of the Philadelphias, graduated, and also Sawyer, the once famous left-handed pitcher of Cleveland and Grand Rapids. In 1883 he organized the Inter-State Association, including Altoona, Johnstown, Pittsburgh, Rochester, Youngstown and other clubs. He also played professional ball that year with Carlisle, Pa., and Phillipsburg, Pa. In 1884 he was the original organizer and prime mover of the successful Ohio State League, but resigned its secretaryship to take the position of Northwestern League umpire. The life of this League in 1884 was short, and Mr. Young finished the season as second baseman of the Tama City, Ia., club, which was one of the strongest then in the State, defeating Dubuque and Keokuk. Nat Hudson was a member of the same club. He made his great hit as Southern League umpire in 1886, finishing the entire season without a protest. Here he gained the title of Honest Ben. In 1886 he started out with the American Association. By a badly arranged schedule he was continually associated with the Somerville club, no matter to what city assigned. This made his position unendurable, and he resigned, being called to the Southern League, where he was again enthusiastically received. The death of his reverend father caused him to resign and temporarily abandon the field. He is now with the Western League, and is a prime favorite, being strict in fining and showing no partiality. During the winter Mr. Young puts in his spare time teaching penmanship in Ohio. He is a master of the art.

The "Phillies" are keeping them all hustling.

Detroit now to a certainty, barring an earthquake.

The old "booze" has wrecked many first-class ball players.

Otterson does not pull well with the Brooklyn players.

Mutrie has commenced the old, old story—wait till next season.

Healy is all right, except with the stick, as he can't hit a balloon.

There is a barrel of money in that world's championship series.

The equalizing scheme will be adopted with a great big string attached to it.

Radbourne is heart-broken that he has been left at home this trip without pay.

"Kid" Baldwin is trying to beat the record in successive games behind the bat.

It is a pretty healthy state of affairs when every club in the League makes money.

Harry Wright is trying to finish second, but he will find that he has a hard row to hoe.

Never has baseball proved so intensely interesting as it has during the present season.

There is very little use in having a manager if he is to be bound hand and foot by the directory.

Another bitter disappointment to the Boston management is the much overrated Radbourne.

Eddie Kennedy is playing a great game with the Lowells since he cut loose from the old stuff.

When you get Bob Ferguson over to Weehauken again to umpire it will be a pretty frosty day.

Cahill is wending his way back to the Pacific slope, as the Eastern country was a trifle to rich for his blood.

In reference to the sensational stuff published about the Detroit club, President Stearns simply says "Rats."

Dave Graham's career as an umpire was short and sweet. He lasted just two innings and made his escape.

The swelling is beginning to go out of Radbourn's head, and he is whining to be put back upon the pay roll.

They all have great respect for the Detroit club, but they are making the liveliest kind of a fight for second place.

Stearns is clever, as he refuses to give his consent to the Boston-Chicago postponed games being played in Chicago.

The minor leagues as usual found they had a hard row to hoe and they have all been troubled by clubs dropping out.

Parsons was fined $50 by the Rochester club management for shooting off his mouth too freely prior to his release.

The "Phillies" are so close upon the heels of the Chicagos that they have no time to linger before getting over the fence.

None of them have held out as well as little Davy Force, who has graced the diamond for upwards of twenty-five years.

St. Louis is not counting its chickens before they are hatched; it is only figuring on winning the world's championship.

Spalding is working hard to break up the discussion in the Chicago club, but he has an up-hill piece of work before him.

Kelly is making a bid to take the bun for base running, but he will have to keep moving to keep out of the way of Johnny Ward.

The Metropolitans are perfectly willing to give Tommy Esterbrook another chance, but the "dude" is too stiff-necked to accept.

Those infielders who have been fortunate enough to get a glimpse at the liners hit by Pete Browning say they have whiskers on them.

Richter's great baseball scheme will die a natural death during the coming winter, and will be buried and forgotten long before spring.

Von der Ahe is saving Bushong and Fouts for the world's championship series with the Detroits, which he intends winning if it takes a leg.

Latham is a very free spender. Umpire McQuade soaked him for $135 and still his tongue kept wagging as though it was loose at both ends.

The Bostons have at last decided to remove that disgraceful looking old shed of a grand stand and erect one similar to the palatial structure in Philadelphia.

Things have gotten so hot between Roxbury and Dorchester that they are to play for $100 Sept. 30. They will go at each other then with blood in their eye.

Anson and Clarkson are not on the best of terms. In fact it would be a difficult task to find a Chicago player that is on the best of terms with the burly manager.

Comisky was going to say something, but he didn't. The ball hit him plumb in the mouth and he was perfectly satisfied that it was as hard as it was cracked up to be.

The height of Harry Wright's ambition is to beat the New Yorks out in the race, but the Phillies will have to do some pretty lively hustling to accomplish that end.

There is no trouble in the Metropolitan ranks, only Orr has been suspended, Darby O'Brien kicked out of the captaincy, and Nelson and Roseman kicked out of the club.

We don't hear quite so much about Prichard and the presidency. What is the matter, old man? You will have to boom her up again, as it won't do to die without a struggle.

The minor leagues are getting awake, and a scheme is now on foot to form a sort of protective organization to block the two big fish from swallowing the fattest of the two little fish.

Things didn't go right and Weyhing got sulky, but he recovered from his childishness in quick order when he was informed that $25 would be deducted from his salary the next pay day.

If the dog hadn't stopped he would have caught the rabbit, and if the New Yorks had not flunked they would now be in second place. This iffing, iffing, iffing, all the time makes a person tired.

When no errors are made in a game, and the only run scored a home run, you are seeing ball about as well as it can be played. This was the result at Des Moines Sept. 5, between Des Moines and La Crosse.

Occasionally the best of them let their mouths escape. This was the case with Kerins of the Louisvilles. His jaw got loose and ran up against the umpire and commenced making a noise, and it cost Mr. Kerins $50.

It was too much booze that placed the Brooklyn club where they are at present. They started off in good shape in the spring, but the temptation on all sides was too great and the boys were unable to let the old stuff alone.

If the bottom does not drop out of Hatfield he may prove an acquisition to the New York club, judging from his minor league work, but the disgraceful failure of poor Rainey is still green in the memory of the New York public.

The New Yorks were traveling at too slow a gait to keep company with the Philadelphias, so they had to drop back and make friends with the Bostons; but if they do not brace up they will find that they are not moving along even fast enough for the Bostons.

Nimick means business and says the fines he placed on the Pittsburgh players will have to stand, as he does not believe in fining a man one day and taking it off the next. It destroys discipline and only invites the players to go on with their carousing.

Jimmy Roseman, the big chief, was not released by the Metropolitan club management for poor playing, but because he left them in a hole on a big game when they were short-handed, by telegraphing that he could not play that day, as his bartender had been arrested.

Strothers, of Sandusky, is a holy terror on umpires, and thinks nothing of dusting off the home plate with his royal jags if he makes a bad decision against him. Jack Connelly and Jerry Sullivan would be about the right kind of men for Strothers to stumble up against.

Tyng has been through college, and is perhaps one of the greatest mathematicians in the world. He sat down the other day and in five seconds time figured himself worth $10,000 per year to any club in the country as a professional pitcher. Amateurs occasionally have very large heads.

That grand old tribe of Indians is rapidly passing away. Billy Holbert, Frank Hankinson and Jack Lynch are the only survivors, and there is no telling how long they will ast, as Holbert is disabled, Lynch has been laid off for some time recuperating, and Caylor is looking around for a third base man to take Hank's place.

The Bostons are not hogs, and are not looking for a hundred per cent on their investment, but only want their money back. Therefore they will sell Kelly to the club that can first produce $10,000. It is barely possible that they might make a slight discount for cash, on account of their having had a season's wear out of the "beauty," which it is thought has deprived him of a little of his brilliancy.

The swelling in Radbourne's head reached such enormous proportions that the Boston management have found it necessary to suspend him without pay. Probably being deprived of $600 per month will reduce his nut to a reasonable size. Men drawing such salaries as that have no business to sulk like a spoiled child. Radbourne is an excellent pitcher, but he seems to forget that he is a full-grown man and entirely too old to be nursed, even on a bottle.

Orator Shafer so far forgot himself as to plug Umpire Ben Young for not thinking as he thought, but it did not reap him a very rich harvest, as it resulted in his being suspended for the remainder of the season. This was a good move on the part of the Western League and they deserve great credit for their prompt action. It is bad enough for the umpire to receive rough treatment at the hands of the spectators, but it is beyond all decency for the players to make loafers of themselves.

An Association organ recently got off the following in fine form: "It is said that at the next meeting of the American Association the leaders of the latter body will demand at once from the League an apology for its violation of the National agreement in allowing Beatin, suspended by Cincinnati, to play with the Detroits. There must not only be an apology, but also the suspension of Beatin by the League until the charges preferred by Cincinnati are acted upon by the Arbitration Committee. But will the League apologize? And if the League does not apologize, what then? Ah, well, we shall see what we shall see." Well, the Association has met, as also has the Arbitration Committee, and what have we seen? Did they apologize? Did you ever know them to apologize? Oh, no, they only produced a steaming dish of crow, and the Association ate it as though they were starved, and went away smacking their lips as if it was the most delicious thing they had ever tasted.

Was it really pride or was it cowardice that prevented the St. Louis Browns from meeting the Cuban Giants last Sunday at West Farms? If their dignity prevented them from stooping so low as to play a game against a team of colored men, then why did they enter into a written agreement to play the game and demand the exhorbitant guarantee of $250, with the privilege of half the gate receipts? When Manager Bright spoke to President Von der Ahe upon the subject, he consulted his men before giving him an answer, and Captain Comisky was present when the agreement was signed. The Cuban giants are an uncommonly strong team, and one that is liable to take a game from any professional team in the country. The real trouble lay right here. St. Louis had several disabled men, and it was faint-heartedness on their part, as they were afraid they would be beaten. Therefore they resorted to this cowardly means of backing out by saying that they would not play with niggers. The fact is that about seven thousand people were disappointed, and the public uphold Manager Bright in his decision to bring the matter before the court and sue Von der Ahe for damages. He will about seize on the receipts the next time St. Louis plays here, if he wins his case.

JUNE.

PARIS UNVEILED.

The Continuation of M. Mace's Graphic Exposures of Crime in Paris.

PROSTITUTES.

The Execution of Pranzini, the Murderer, Accurately Described by a Police Official.

SHORT BY A HEAD.

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CHAPTER XIV.

In front of this horrible and weird-looking old man is a huge blackboard on which he keeps, with a piece of chalk, the accounts of the den. For here nobody has any credit and every "transaction" between one of the inmates and a customer is recorded on the blackboard.

About two o'clock in the morning each girl settles with the old man and pays over to him that share of her "earnings" which belong to the house.

This den consists of three floors which are connected by a bare wooden stair case, filthy and slippery with all manner of uncleanliness, and which is barely three feet in width.

There are six rooms, two on every floor. One is reserved for the special use of the mistress of the house. The others are at the service of the inmates. Their furniture is represented by a miserable painted wooden bed without pillows, and the sheets of which are only changed once a month, a miserable little pine table and a cracked pitcher of water.

"The inmates of the place," remarked the Chief of Detectives, "are just about what you would expect, Monsieur le Prefect. They are quite in keeping with the furniture and fixtures. They are all played-out, brandy-sodden, bloated and diseased. The youngest of the lot is over forty years of age. After having spent their lives in the grossest debauchery, they consider themselves lucky to be able to finish their miserable existences in this manner.

"They enjoy a certain amount of liberty, and for their meals frequent the neighboring wine shops, where for a few pennies they get a bit of beef, bread or cheese. There, too, they find among the drunken hangers-on customers, whom they entertain for a trifle."

"What will become of all those prostitutes when the Rue des Filles Dieu is cleaned out?" inquired the Prefect.

"The younger ones will rejoin their comrades of the Rue de Venice. The others will be found in hospitals, workhouses and asylums. Every evening they gather in swarms in a little alley which opens in the Rues Sainte-Foy and Saint Spire, the passage du Caire and the Rue des Filles Dieu, whence they issue, at nightfall, like vermin to solicit customers.

"These crowds are always noisy and vociferous, and their disturbances last for hours. Sometimes their disputes become out-and-out rows and riots in which the combatants black each other's eyes and pull each other's hair out in handfulls.

"Nobody separates them and unless the police interfere they close the rows themselves as they begin them."

The two functionaries dropped into one of the neighboring wine shops.

"What a crowd of women," exclaimed the Prefect. "Some of them are by no means bad looking. There's an exception, though, that woman who is eating crawfish over there. She has lost her entire nose."

"That is Irma, the Bricktop. Her lover cut her nose off by striking her in the face with a broken bottle."

"Look at the boldness of these women—bareheaded all of them, some with their sleeves rolled up, crowding round that young man. They grab him by the arm and he actually has to fight with ferocity to get rid of them."

"The youngest are the worst. They hunt their male victims with more pertinacity than the old beldames. Some of them are not fifteen years of age.

"Every evening, just as to-night, our most attractive boulevards are overrun by prostitutes and their lovers, by hawkers of transparent playing cards, pedlers of questionable drugs and an army of abominable riff-raff. The women, as well as the men, think nothing of exchanging the most foul-mouthed language with people who repel their offers.

"Sprawling on benches you will see thieves, vagabonds and tramps of every variety—creatures without homes and without occupations—who fill the air with their indecencies.

"You cannot sit down in a cafe without being pestered by beggars and mendicants of all kinds, sorts, sizes and ages. Many of them are children—poor little ragged, bare-footed wretches, who beseech a penny while sticking under your nose a bundle of pencils or some other trifle.

"So great is the demoralization of the criminal classes, that even children are taking to suicide. Only this evening three young creatures, in their misery and despair, were about to throw themselves into the canal when arrested.

"The very atmosphere is loaded with moral corruption and decay."

The Prefect suddenly put his hand on his subordinate's shoulder.

"It is nearly daybreak," he said, "and at dawn, as you know, Pranzini pays the penalty of his crime."

"The crowd of debased ruffians which await the execution," replied the Chief, "will better than anything else illustrate my remarks on the depravity of modern Paris. Let us go and look at it."

On their way to the gloomy prison in front of which the notorious criminal was about to expiate his hideous acts, the Chief said:

"There are people who actually doubt that this wretch is the only assassin involved in the case.

"Their theory is that he was only an accomplice, the chief criminal walking about unmolested. M. Fondvillars, formerly of *Le Temps*, made an extraordinary statement. M. Fondvillars had interviews with Mlle. Sabatier and with Maitre Demange and another well-known member of the Paris bar. The latter asserts his conviction that the mysterious dark man seen in Pranzini's company the day after the crime was the real author of the murders, and is living in Paris near Odeon. This man was formerly his client, and is known to the police as a dissipated character and adventurer.

"On making further inquiries it was ascertained that the man in question is a little Austrian Jew of a dried-up, Greek appearance, slight, forbidding, with black and very arched eyebrows and name not unlike Geissler. M. Fondvillars, in his written communication, said:

"Proceedings were actually instituted against this man, but were stopped suddenly on the intervention of an influential creole lady."

When the two officials reached the prison the crowd seething and foaming about the gates of La Roquette were in such an unsatisfied mood that unless somebody had been guillotined there would have been riots. Voices were shouting in chorus:

C'est Pranzini-zini-zini
C'est Pranzini qu'il nous faut.
Oh! oh! oh! oh!

This outlandish chant, echoed and re-echoed by wine-soaked throats, nightly aroused Pranzini from his slumbers. His keepers told him that it was only an *emeute*, and the wretched man went to sleep again.

The crowd since midnight had grown and multiplied, and there were not less than twenty thousand people gathered about. All the riffraff and scum of Belleville, all the disreputable women and idlers of the Boulevard Montmartre, all the morbid foreigners at present sojourning in Paris, and all the journalists whom duty compels to be there, gathered about the approaches to the grim, frowning prison on this dark and solemn night in the Place de la Roquete.

The feeble glimmer of a dozen gas lamps shed a dismal light upon the crowd pacing up and down in front of the prison. The trees which dot the place were filled with jeering gamins, who defy the injunctions of the police to "come down out of that." In carriages there were hundreds of *cocottes* in gay toilets, drinking champagne and smoking cigarettes. Here and there a weary tramp was curled up and asleep against the wall or on a bench. How anyone can sleep at all in such a tumult is strange indeed, and yet long habit enables scores of them to do it. Every now and then a fresh gang of blackguards arrived swearing, smoking and shouting, or a carriage drew up, loaded with passengers relatively respectable, and is greeted with the derisive chorus of:

Voila Pranzini qui arrive!

To while away the time the crowd made occasional excursions around the corner to a refreshment shed in the Rue de la Folie Regnault—a predestined name, surely. When M. Deibler, the executioner, and his dread assistants were preparing the guillotine during the evening, long after the regulation police hours, the wine shops in the neighborhood of the terrible machine, were crowded with customers. Once or twice the "executor of lofty deeds," as they call the executioner here, and his underlings stole in to refresh themselves with a drop of drink, but very few of the idlers recognized them, and those who did, of course, failed to get any information out of them.

New couplets had been added to the lugubrious song already mentioned:

C'est sa tete, sa tete, sa tete,
C'est sa tete qu'il nous faut!
Oh! oh! oh!

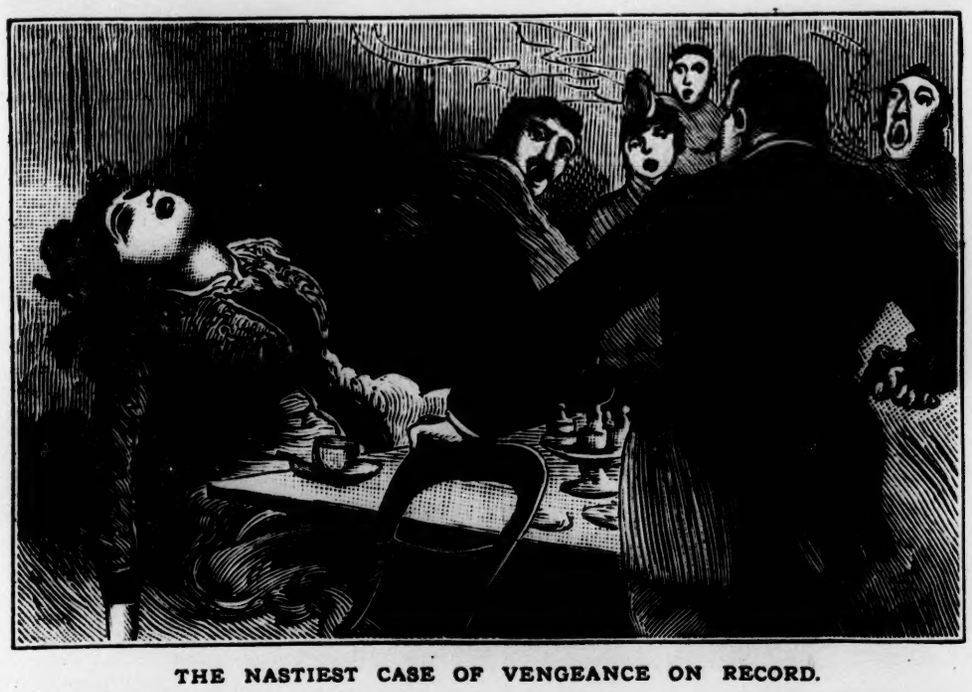
Shortly after midnight the rattle of hoofs and clanking of sabres announced the arrival of mounted gendarmes and *gardes de paix*. In a twinkling the place before the prison was cleared of all but a few journalists and the police agents. The crowd, driven back on all sides, formed again at either end of the Place, shouting and singing. Then came a long pause. About three o'clock the rumble of wheels was heard in the direction of the Rue de la Folie Regnault.

A few minutes afterward a cart came jolting over the paving stones toward the entrance to the little avenue facing the prison gates. There it halted and the executioner's assistants jumped off. Then for half an hour a sound of hammering rose above the songs and catcalls. "Monsieur de Paris," and his men were preparing the "woods of justice" for the tragic business before them. As the hammering ceased, a cab drove up to the Place. The prison chaplain, Abbe Faure, stepped out with the *procureur de la republique*, and hurrying past the guillotine disappeared in the prison door. The morning opened damp and lowering, but it seemed to have little depressing effect upon the crowd, which waited until the fatal knife fell with a patience worthy of a better cause.

Pranzini was awakened out of a sound sleep at 4:45 o'clock by the jailers. Father Beauquesne, chaplain of La Roquette, entered the prisoner's cell and exhorted him to be courageous. Pranzini replied that he had no fear, but regretted that the only favor he had asked—that of permission to see his mother—had been refused. He reiterated his profession of innocence, and refused to make confession to the priest, saying: "Father, you do your duty; I will do mine." While being dressed for the block he declared he was glad that his life was to be taken, as he preferred death to penal servitude for life. He reproached the Chief of Police for having called, as Pranzini alleged, false witnesses against him during his trial. When he had been conducted to the scaffold he appeared to be quite calm and displayed considerable assurance. He kissed the crucifix presented to him by the priest, but he refused to kiss the priest when the latter proffered the farewell embrace. Pranzini was at this moment skillfully grasped and suddenly thrown upon the guillotine. Its great knife fell and the murderer's head was severed from his body. The head was at once placed in a wagon and carried at a gallop to the Ivey cemetery, where it was buried, after the regular funeral ceremony had been performed over it. The Faculty of Medicine claimed the body and it was surrendered to them.

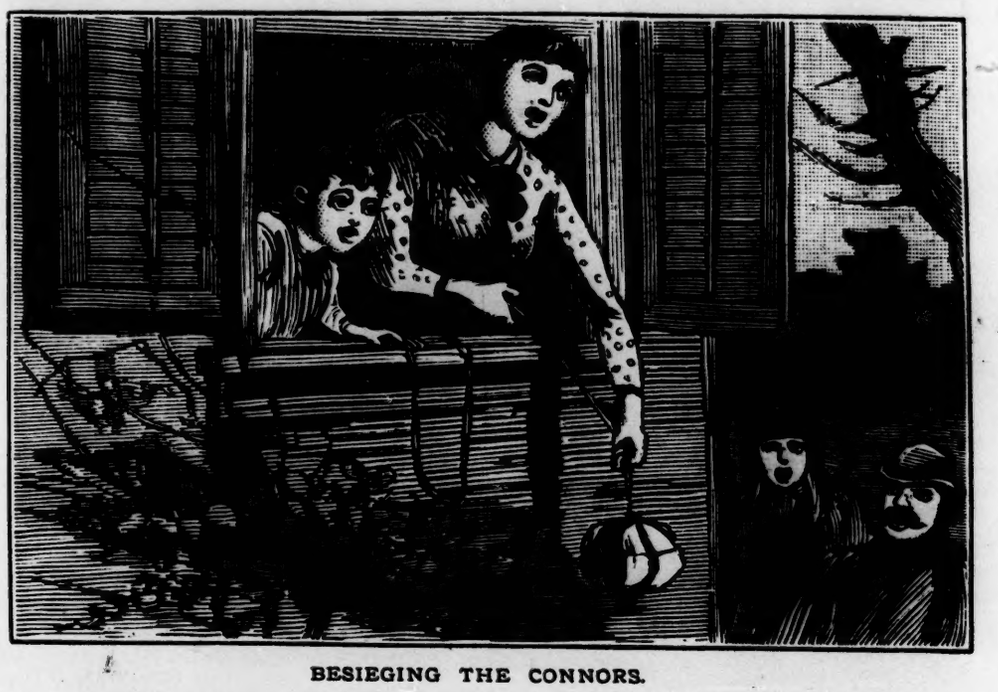
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIR CHARLES YOUNG, the author of "Jim the Penman," died suddenly in London, Eng., last Sunday night. "Jim" will survive him many years. It is an admirable play.



THE NASTIEST CASE OF VENGEANCE ON RECORD.

IDA WALLACE, A FAST YOUNG WOMAN OF SCHENECTADY, N. Y., IS SHOT AND KILLED BY FRED. KNIGHT.

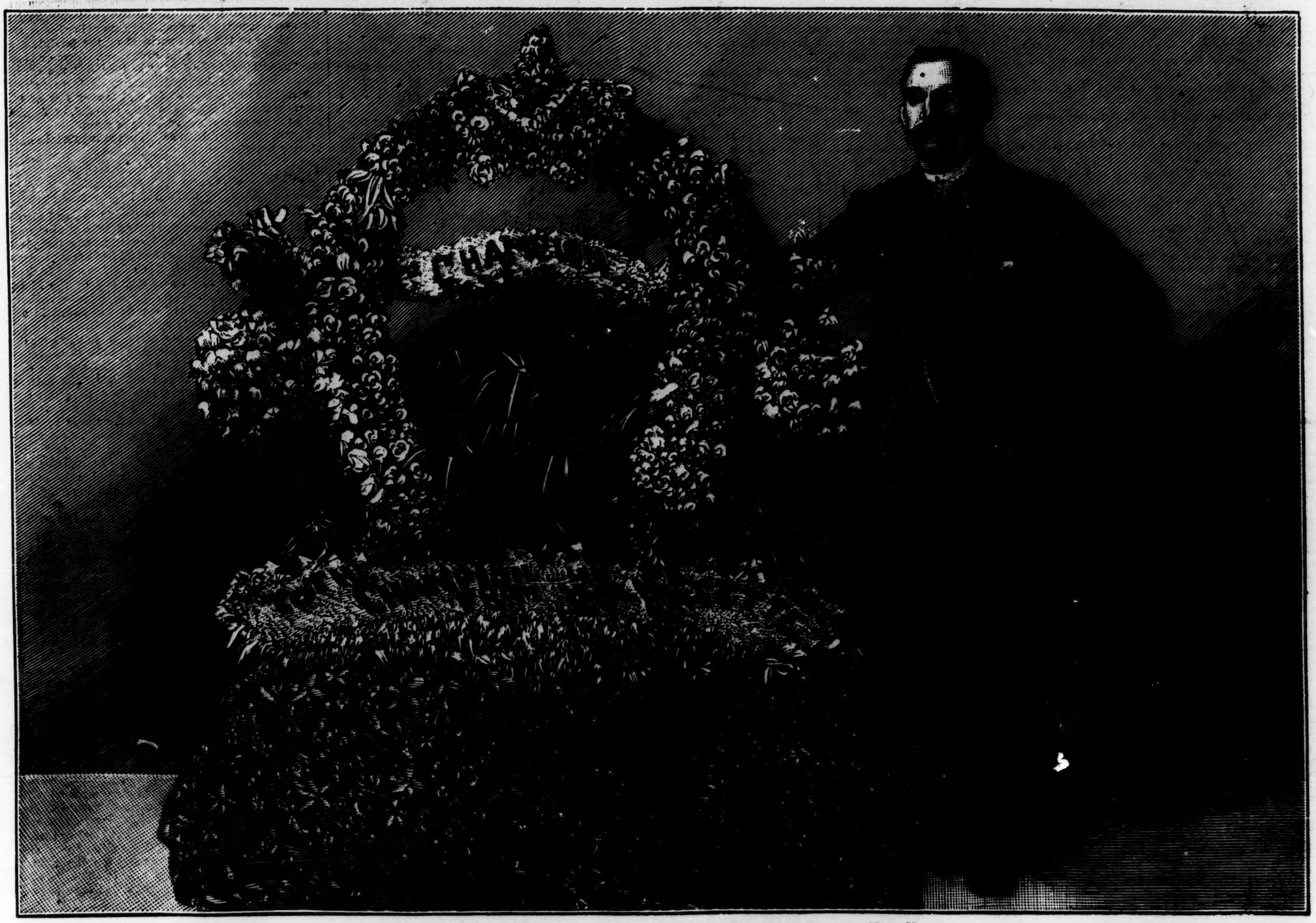


BESIEGING THE CONNORS.

AN IRISH FAMILY REFUSES TO BE EVICTED FROM ITS RESIDENCE IN THE WEST END, BOSTON.

ALL HANDS LOST.

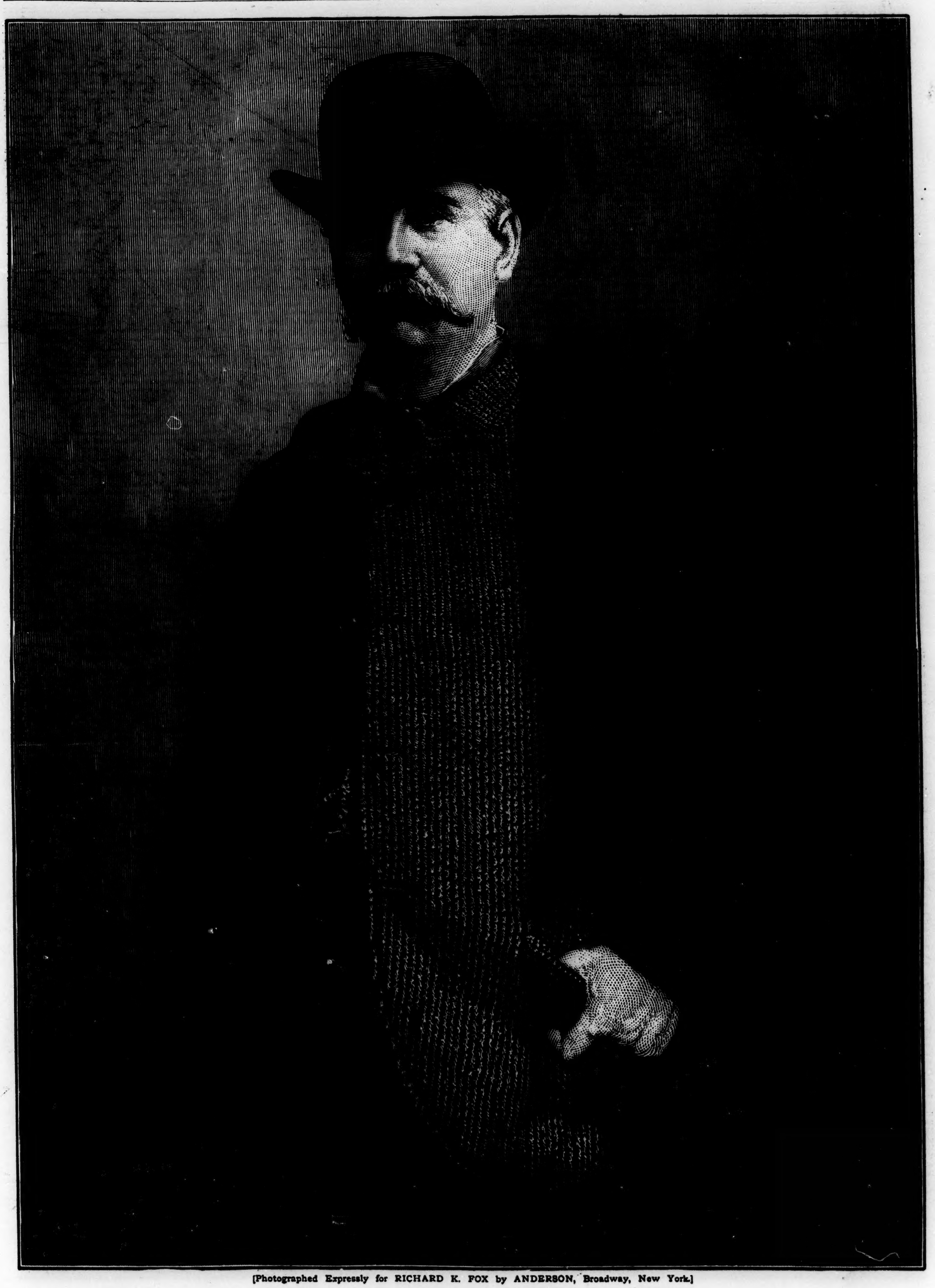
THE FOUNDERING OF THE SCHOONER NIAGARA IN A GALE WITH SEVERAL LADIES ABOARD NEAR WHITEFISH POINT, MICHIGAN.



[Photographed Expressly for Richard K. Fox by John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.]

A SUPERB FLORAL TRIBUTE.

THE MAGNIFICENT GIFT OF FLOWERS RECENTLY PRESENTED TO STALWART JAKE KILRAIN, CHAMPION OF AMERICA, BY RICHARD K. FOX.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by ANDERSON, Broadway, New York.]

THE MODERN VIDOCQ.

INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES WHO IS FAMOUS THE WIDE WORLD OVER AS THE MASTERLY CHIEF OF NEW YORK'S UNEQUALLED DETECTIVE CORPS.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

At Astoria, Oregon, Tom Ward, the pugilist, has a host of friends who think that he can conquer any man of his weight, and they stand ready to back him against any middleweight, at 145 pounds, who should happen to visit Astoria. The following is Ward's record: Was born in Sligo, Ireland, and is 26 years of age; he is 5 feet 5½ inches in height and weighs 155 pounds, his fighting weight being 144 pounds. June, 1884.—Defeated "Dago" Frank in a 3-round bare knuckle fight, for a purse, near Astoria; about two months afterward had a glove fight with the same party, in which Ward stopped him in five rounds. Aug. 4, 1884.—After one of the hardest bare knuckle fights ever fought on the Pacific coast, Ward defeated Albert Johnson at Harrington's Point, W. T., in 13 rounds, Queensberry rules, for $150 a side; the referee and both principals were covered with gore from head to foot, hardly a discernable feature being left intact on the faces of either Ward or Johnson, "raw beef" only partly conveys an idea of the general appearance of their "mugs," both men being blind and each having a hand broken. Nov. 2, 1885.—At the conclusion of the Dempsey-Campbell fight in W. T., Ward and Larry Sullivan, of Pennsylvania, fought an 87-round bare knuckle fight for $250 a side in the same ring, London prize ring rules, the fight finally being awarded to Ward on a foul; Sullivan was seconded by Jack Dempsey, but for whose superior generalship he would have allowed Ward to win the fight much sooner. August 6, 1886.—Glove fight in Portland, Oregon, with Dick Maroney, for gate receipts; Ward stopped Maroney in 11 rounds. June 9, 1887.—Ward and his old antagonist, Larry Sullivan, fought a 13-round bare-knuckle fight at Chinook Beach, W. T., Queensberry rules, for satisfaction and a small purse; Sullivan was "satisfied" in the 13th round by a blow in the stomach, knocking the wind entirely out of him. June 29, 1887.—Bare knuckle fight between Ward and Bill Scott, champion of Oregon, Queensberry rules governing, for $300 a side and gate receipts; this is said to have been the longest fight on record, 69 rounds, consuming 4 hours 36 minutes, fought at Harrington's Point, W. T.; the referee and spectators were all wore out, and the fight was finally declared a draw. Aug. 13, 1887.—Glove fight between Ward and Al. Johnson at Astoria, Oregon, for gate receipts; 10 rounds fought and declared a draw by the referee, the money being divided.

In regard to the "Police Gazette" medal representing the middle-weight championship of Nebraska, the Omaha *Chronicle*, Sept. 8, published the following:

NEW YORK, Aug. 26, 1887.

To the Editor of the Omaha Chronicle:

DEAR SIR—Last evening I forwarded to you a gold medal, as a trophy for the middle-weight boxing championship of Nebraska. You will please assume custody of it until it has been contested for and fairly won.

The contests for this medal are to be governed by the "Police Gazette" rules, and the competitor winning it three times is to become its sole owner.

My object in presenting this trophy is to forward and encourage the manly art of self-defense, of which, I understand, there are many admirers in the State of Nebraska.

Hoping that the prize will be fairly contested for, and that the best man will become its permanent owner, I remain very truly yours, RICHARD K. FOX.

The medal—a costly and pretty ornament—has been received, and is now on exhibition at Foley & Darst's "Phenix," No. 1412 Douglas street, this city. The illustration of the trophy printed on the first page of this paper is an exact fac simile of the photograph. The medal can be contested for by middle-weights only. The "Police Gazette" rules declare that the middle-weight is over 140 and under 158 pounds. Any middle-weight resident of Nebraska can enter for the medal, and competition for it will not affect the standing of amateurs. Entries must be sent to the editor of this paper, who shall arrange all contests as fairly as possible. In view of recent events it may not be amiss to state that contests for the medal shall not be "prize-fights" in any sense of the term. They shall be boxing matches. The gloves used shall not weigh less than six ounces each, which will prevent the competitors from receiving serious injury. The rounds shall be of three minutes' duration and one minute rest. Each contestant shall select an umpire, and they shall appoint a referee and two timekeepers. The contestant who has scored the greatest number of scientific points at the end of a stipulated number of rounds shall be awarded the medal, but it does not become his personal property until he has won it three times. While it is in his temporary possession he must meet any middle-weight who formally challenges him to box for it. All challenges must be sent through the *Chronicle*. If the holder of the trophy is a resident of Omaha and is challenged by a person residing in a distant part of the State, the place of meeting shall be named by the editor of this paper, who shall be pleased to furnish any information desired. It is to be hoped that this trophy may be a means of relieving the manly art of boxing from the ill-repute into which it has fallen in this State. It shall be the endeavor of the *Chronicle*, through the generous enterprise of Mr. Richard K. Fox, to convince the people of Nebraska that, when properly conducted, exhibitions of the noble art of self-defense are as enjoyable and instructive to all classes as are horse-racing or baseball, and as innocuous as lawn tennis. It will not be a difficult matter to prove to people open to conviction that as a pastime boxing with soft gloves is not one whit more brutal, and is a great deal manlier than the sports of the speed ring, the water-track or the diamond field, and that it is a more valuable accomplishment than horse-racing, boat-pulling, or ball-tossing.

In regard to the international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, champion of America, and Jem Smith, champion of England, for $10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and championship of the world, the London *Sporting Life*, Aug. 27, publishes the following:

Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the New York *Police Gazette*, attended at our office yesterday to make good his second deposit of £200 on behalf of Jake Kilrain for his fight against Jem Smith. Shortly before the fourth hour—the appointed time of meeting—Mr. Fox arrived, thus proving good the old adage that "Punctuality is the politeness of kings, and newspaper proprietors." One by one the visitors dropped in.

"And how have you been, Mr. Fox?" was inquired

"Never better in my life; I like your country, and I mean to see all I can of it."

The office clock then struck 4, thus proving that Mr. Fox was an honest, veracious and genuine sportsman, and there came trooping in a host of visitors, among whom we may mention the Hon. Peter Westeura, Mr. Wells, proprietor of the Pelican Club; Charles Bates, of the Spread Eagle, Kingsland road; Col. Keenan, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Pugh, *Cable News;* Bryan G. M'Sweeney, New York; William Baker, Harry Jackson, Sam Blacklock, Mr. Geo. W. Atkinson, *Sporting Life;* and last, but not least, the bold Jack Harper. Several letters of apology were read from influential patrons of the grand old English art. No doubt the division in the House, and the wonderful "spread" at the "Wild West," by Col. Cody, somewhat dwarfed the attendance.

"But where is Jem?" inquired the genial Mr. Fox, with his prepossessing smile.

"Oh, Jem will be here in a moment," replied Mr. Fleming, and as he spoke the redoubtable champion entered the room.

Mr. Fox, having shaken hands with Jem, remarked, "I think you'r growing thinner, Jem."

"No,' returned Jem, "I think I am a little bigger."

Then there was a little argument about the *Police Gazette* belt, the gift of Mr. Fox to the winner of the championship of the world. This belt is at present in the hands of Jake Kilrain.

"But," said Jem Smith, "Jake Kilrain has never fought for the championship of the world, and," continued Jem, "it won't be his property until he has beaten me."

A little debate occurred on this subject, and eventually Mr. Fox said, "Well, Jem, I think you're right. I agree with you that the 'belt' at the present moment is the neutral or debatable property of you and Jake. Of course I allowed Kilrain to hold the belt when he became champion, in default of Sullivan putting in an appearance."

"At all events," put in Mr. Fleming, "If Jem and Kilrain are to fight for the possession of this belt, would it not be better to leave the trophy in the possession of a third party?"

"Quite so," rejoined Mr. Fox. "When Kilrain lands here, we will leave it to the care of Mr. Atkinson; or, if agreeable, we will entrust it to Mr. Wells, the proprietor of the Pelican Club, who shall exhibit the coveted prize at the 'Pelicaneries'

'Till the hurly burly's done,
Or the battle's lost or won,'

as Mr. Macbeth hath wisely observed before."

All this being satisfactorily settled, the welcome basket of champagne and the box of fragrant smokes made their appearance. The gallant Jack Harper was *facile princeps* with the bottle, and the fragrant cloud being blown freely, the strange and singular conjunction seemed to impart a perfect peace to the company.

Mr. Richard K. Fox broke the beatitudes by observing: "Here's my regards, Jem, and I hope Kilrain will beat you."

The noble Jem, who looked as if he'd like to meet Kilrain then and there, said, with a contemptuous, defiant air, "If he does I'll make him sore!"

Jem—All I want is to have a comfortable, straightforward fight.

Mr. Fox—I admire you, Jem. You and Mr. Fleming have done everything in a straightforward way, and I hope that the best man will win.

Smith—I'm sure of it, and that man will be me.

Mr. Fox smiled at the confident air of the champion.

At this juncture Young Blacklock, the participator in twenty-four boxing competitions (only beaten twice), appeared. This young pugilist is going to America, to take in the nimble "Yanks" at nine stone. It is only a fancy of ours, but we put it down courageously on paper—"They'll have to skip before they take his number down."

"Well," said Mr. Fox, as he filled up his glass, "I want a winner. I've been unfortunate. I backed Paddy Ryan against Sullivan, and lost; but Madden, who, I believe, made Sullivan, is training Kilrain for me, and I am quite content."

"Well," said Jem Smith, "I wish you no harm, Mr. Fox, but I hope you haven't got a winner."

Mr. Fox—If Kilrain loses this fight I'll never back another man. And Mr. Fox frowned as he spoke.

Mr. Atkinson then said to Mr. Fox—You have heard, I suppose, about the newspaper rumor that Spain objects to the noble art of self-defence?

Mr. Fox—Do you believe that?

Mr. Fleming (breaking in)—It's all nonsense. I can show you a letter from a gentleman who resides not a hundred miles from Madrid. The affair will take place quietly there. There will be no question of passports. All that, I can assure you, will be arranged. We shall thus avoid the rowdyism that has so long proved a curse to pugilism in this country.

"At all events," said Mr. Fox, with a laugh, "they'll get a bath if they swim there."

After this remark the conversation became for a time general, the general gist of the conversation being as to the composition of the fifty spectators which should accompany each combatant. An eager desire to be amicable was displayed on both sides, and it was agreed that each umpire (Mr. Fleming for Jem Smith and William E. Harding, sporting editor of the New York *Police Gazette*, for Jake Kilrain) should have submitted to them the list of spectators on the adversary's side, and should have power of scrutiny.

When the exhilarating mixture of champagne had again circled round, Mr. Fox said pleasantly, "Well, Jem, when you've beaten Jake I suppose you'll open a boxing school."

"No," replied Jem, "I don't much care for boxing. A fighting school's more in my way."

The formal function of staking the second deposit then ensued.

Mr. Fox—Here is my £200, Mr. Atkinson, on behalf of Kilrain. It's all in bills. I've made it small for you on purpose.

Jem Smith (breaking in)—I don't care how small it is, guv'nor, so as it's all in a lump at the finish!

Mr. Fleming then produced a check for £200 on behalf of Jem Smith, and remarked, "No champion of England had ever such a following behind him."

At this moment an admirer presented Jem Smith with a very handsome gold-mounted ebony stick, for which the gentle champion returned suitable thanks.

"Kilrain," remarked Mr. Fox, "has the best men in America behind him, and if he wins will receive a present of a thousand dollars from me."

"Give me a present, guv'nor, if I win?" said Jem laughingly to Mr. Fox.

"But I'm not backing you, Jem," remonstrated the proprietor of the *Police Gazette*.

"Well," said the champion of England, as he quaffed his glass, "I'll make Kilrain a present if he wins. I'll give him this stick, which has just been given to me, and I'll put the biggest diamond I can find in the knob."

"Here, I'll bet you £50 Smith beats Kilrain," said Mr. Bates.

"There'll be plenty of time for betting yet," said Jem, rebukingly, to Mr. Bates.

The conversation then turned to Blacklock, who had modestly retired to the background.

"He's a good lad, isn't he?" inquired Mr. Fox of the champion.

"Yes," replied Jem, with his good-humored smile, "he'll take his part if they give him a chance."

"All I can say is," said Mr. Fleming, chiming in, "that never had champion of England such a following as Jem Smith. The Pelicans are behind him. I've not asked for a shilling, and yet I have a thousand pounds in my pocketbook at the present moment to back our champion."

"Well," said Jem Smith, "I haven't the least doubt in my own mind. I don't care how cold it is, he'll be warm when he's left off."

To which defiance Mr. Fox replied:

"I have grave doubts, Jem. Kilrain will be in the best of condition."

And the undaunted Jem retorted shortly, "Perhaps I'll not be; *but I'll try.*"

Again the refreshment urged its wild career, and conversational chaos reigned. When eventually a move was made, Mr. Fox said, "Well, Jem, your friend, Mr. Wells, of the Pelican Club, has bet me a case of wine that you win."

"Right," replied the bold and indomitable champion, "and I'll bet you a box of the best cigars to smoke with the wine."

"Well," said Mr. Fox, as he stood in the doorway, grasping Jem Smith's hand, and smiling pleasantly the while, "you'll do your best, and Kilrain will do his best. But, win or lose, Jem, count me a friend of yours always."

Richard K. Fox, the backer of Jake Kilrain, has made a contract with well-known silk weavers of Spitalfields, to make Jake Kilrain's colors. The following is the banner under which the American champion will battle for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, $5,000 and the championship of the world. Kilrain's colors consist of a handsome white silk handkerchief, bordered with red, white and blue. In the left hand upper corner is a shield, with the Irish harp and bust of Erin. The right hand upper corner is occupied by the American escutcheon. The left hand lower corner shows the coat-of-arms of Baltimore, the opposite lower corner, the armorial bearings of Boston, each in a circle. In the centre is a representation of the terrestrial globe which is surrounded by a sun burst, and reposes on drapery of the Irish and American flags. Instead of the equator, the globe is encircled by ropes and stakes, and blazoned on the face of the world is the stalwart figure of Jake Kilrain, in ring costume, in an attitude of attack. Overhead the American eagle unfolds its wings and carries a scroll in its beak inscribed "The Champion of the World." The lower quarter of the globe is banded with an ornate legend, which reads, "Jake Kilrain, Holder of the 'Police Gazette' Diamond Belt." All the ornamentation is worked in brilliant colors, making a composition which has never been equalled in the annals of the ring. Mr. Richard K. Fox selected the design out of several competing drawings, and has issued orders for a reproduction of it, regardless of cost or trouble, in the very best India silk. The tremendous interest manifested in the coming international battle between Kilrain and Smith is proved, if proof were necessary, by the immense demand already made for copies of the colors. Kilrain's colors are an elegant design, and if he proves the gladiator he is represented to be, they will not be trailed in the dust, or will Smith capture them when the battle is over.

SPORTING NOTES.

Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

Gus Hill, the champion club swinger, has branched off into a new line of performance, that of walking the ceiling.

Warren Lewis, the well-known sporting man and backer of boxers, has opened the Hoboken Casino, Grand street, Hoboken, as a general first-class sporting resort.

George Young, the well-known light-weight English pugilist and trainer of Jemmy Carney, arrived from England on Sept. 10, and called at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

S. S. Brown's Stuyvesant with 111 1-2 pounds, piloted by E. H. Garrison, won a mile race on Sept. 7 at Coney Island, covering the distance in 1:40, only a quarter of a second slower than the best time on record.

Edwin Bibby and Matsada Sorakichi wrestled best two in three falls, Greaco-Roman style, at Fall River, Mass., on Sept. 10. It was a race for blood and they wrestled, and neither gained a fall up to the time darkness came on. The purse of $500 was divided.

Frank Stevenson, of this city, has been selected referee for the international prize fight between Jemmy Carney and Jack McAuliffe. Stevenson is the right man, who will decide without fear or favor, for he has filled the position time and time again, and always given fair and honest decisions.

Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, held a boxing exhibition at High Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sept. 10. A host of boxers appeared and Jake Kilrain and Billy Madden volunteered and made a lively set-to. Kilrain was loudly cheered, Charley Mitchell was master of ceremonies. Dempsey did not box, not being well.

The most exciting game of bowling green ever played in the United States was contested recently at Dunellen, between the Middlesex Bowling Green Club and the Newark team, and was won by the Newarkers, who took home with them a silver cup presented by John A. Handron, the president of the Middlesex Club. The game was played on the grounds of Christian Schepflem, who acted as referee. The two clubs include many of the most prominent men of the State, among them Mayor Haynes, of Newark; Sheriff Convery, of New Brunswick; Solicitor Willis and a number of Newark and Jersey City lawyers.

At Niagara Falls race track on Sept. 7, Warder, the Canadian jockey, was thrown in a steeple chase and died shortly after. His last words were: "I can't breathe; I am gone." He was about twenty-six years old, born in London, Canada, and was first employed by Mr. Coughlin, of Montreal, subsequently by John White, John Dyment and other Canadian owners. He was also skilled at training, having handled Wizard during the Saratoga meeting. A large number of trainers and jockeys gathered around the corpse with tears in their eyes, and all of them said he was an honest, capable rider, though rather reckless, and only an enemy to himself.

At Coney Island, on Sept. 7, there was a swimming match between four ladies. The course was from the bell buoy, which marks the site of the old wooden pier, to a stakeboat anchored to the east of the old iron pier. The competitors were Alice Ward, age sixteen; Tennie Baars, age fourteen, and Bertha Courier, who claimed to be eighteen years of age, but who looked to be older. The start was at 3 o'clock, Dr. Chalmers giving the word. Alice Ward finished about 100 yards in the lead in 27½ minutes, with Miss Courier 3 minutes later, and Tennie Baars 5 minutes behind her. Judge William Green presented the gold medal to the winner.

The "Daily News" (N. Y.) says: "Garrison is still leading McLaughlin in the race for the Richard K. Fox "Police Gazette" diamond whip, which represents the jockey championship. Every day there is racing even the ladies keep a record of how many mounts these jockeys win and note how the score stands. The "Police Gazette" diamond whip will be awarded to the jockey who gains the most mounts, but it will not become his personal property until the end of 1888, and he will have to win the most mounts next year to own the trophy. Since the valuable prize has been offered the Dwyer Brothers are working hard to secure mounts on outside horses for McLaughlin, while Billy McMahon and a host of the admirers of Garrison are doing the same in his behalf."

The testimonial exhibition tendered to Johnny Reagan, the famous middle-weight pugilist, at City Assembly Rooms, Brooklyn, on Sept. 12, was a big success. Nearly 1,000 persons were present and everything connected with the show worked like machinery. The boxing was first class and Tommy Green and Johnny McCue made a great set-to, both being out for blood; but the rivals were separated after they had reached the length of the rope. Reagan showed up to great advantage in set-tos with Paddy Smith and Jack Files, and he proved to the good judges present that he is in a higher class and a better man than many will allow. Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, who is to fight Reagan, was present, and no doubt he came to the conclusion that if Reagan is not yet middle-weight champion, that he is fast climbing to that rung of the pugilistic ladder.

Recently a Boston paper published the following: "Andy Sweeney, the 'cannon king' of Kansas City, Mo., challenges Charles P. Blatt or any man in the world to a contest of catching iron balls shot from a cannon for $500."

In reply to the above we have received the following from Chas. P. Blatt, the only champion at cannon-ball catching in the world: "I am anxious to meet any man in the world for a two hours' contest; both men are to stand the same distance, which will be 25 feet from the muzzle of the cannon, or 40 feet, it does not make any difference to me, but it shall not be under 25 feet; also, the balls fired from the cannon are to be the same weight, which will be 25 pounds. There is no gloves to be used in the contest. If this suits Sweeney, he will forward $100 forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE, and I will arrange a match for any sum from $100 to $1,000, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and referee. Yours, CHAS. P. BLATT."

P. P. Slavin, of Australia, the champion heavyweight pugilist of New South Wales, has issued a challenge to fight the winner of the Kilrain and Smith battle for $2,500 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and championship of the world. Slavin is said to be the most promising pugilist that ever wound up in New South Wales. He stands 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 190 pounds trained. He is 44 inches across the chest and possesses great muscular development, and besides he is not only a scientific boxer and hard hitter, but a general athlete. A syndicate has been formed who have agreed to back him to win the pugilistic championship of the world. After it was announced John L. Sullivan was going to go to Australia Slavin was put into light training, and it was the intention of his backers to wager a fabulous sum that Sullivan was not able to conquer him, and they were sadly disappointed when the Boston pugilist banished all idea of going to Australia.

We received a visit from the Gormley & Jeffrey Western bicycle team, who are under the management of Mr. T. W. Elk, a few days ago, prior to their departure for Lynn, Mass. The following is a sketch of the four flyers: S. G. Whittaker, champion road rider of America, was born in Boston, Mass. His most notable performances have been on the road, and up to this year had never been on a race track. But at Roseville, N. J., he established the following track records, which are the best ever made there, and some equal world records. Quarter mile, 35 seconds; one-third mile, 47 seconds; two-third mile, 1 minute 40 seconds. This was done with two weeks training. His road records are as follows: 10 miles, 29 minutes, 53¾ seconds; 20 miles, 59 minutes 35 4-5 seconds. These two are the best records in the world. Fifty miles, 2 hours, 55 minutes; best record in America. One hundred miles, 6 hours 1 minute 15 seconds; world's record. 301 miles, 24 hours; the only correct record in the world. He is entered for the great road race from Boston to Chicago, which start Monday, Oct. 3, 1887.

Frank E. Dingley, of Minneapolis, Minn., long distance champion of the Northwest, was born in Maine and is 31 years of age. He has only been riding a little over a year and has the following performances to his credit: 50 miles, indoor track, 2 hours 44 minutes 57 seconds; 128 miles, indoor track, 8 hours; 765½ miles, 6 days, 8 hours per day; which are the second best in the world. Mr. Dingley is also entered in the great road race from Boston to Chicago and is looked upon as a sure man for a place, as his staying qualities are well known.

W. F. Knapp, of Denver, Col., was born in the State of Ohio, and is 21 years old, and is one of the fastest sprinters on a bicycle in the world. His performances at Lynn, Mass., last season and Roseville this year stamp him a flyer. He has turned the track as follows: One-third of a mile, in competition, 48 seconds; 1 mile, in practice, 2 minutes 32 seconds; 10 miles, in practice, 28 minutes 35 seconds. He will start in the Boston to Chicago road race. As an amateur he won over 80 prizes, and was the first American who beat the Englishmen when they visited America in 1885.

L. D. Munger, ex-road champion of America, was born in Michigan, and is 24 years old. He was one of the first riders in America who rode over 200 miles in 24 hours. At Boston, in 1884, he won the road championship of America, making 260 miles in 24 hours, which was, at that time, the best record in America. He also, as an amateur, held the championship of the State of Michigan, and has done some fast riding on the path. He is entered in the great road race from Boston to Chicago. At New Orleans, March, 1886, he made a record of 50 miles in 3 hours 2 minutes 30 seconds, which was a world's road record at that time.

Al. Smith is one of the squarest sporting men of the veterans now on the sporting merry-go-round in this country. He refused to be referee for the great match between Jack McAuliffe and Jem Carney. Al. Smith was written to and urged to fill the position, but he refused to do so. Smith was found at the Gilsey House on Broadway, this city, on Sept. 7, surrounded by a number of turfmen. Smith said: "I have no time to bother with the affair, and I am not certain whether I will even go to witness the mill. I have seen Carney fight, and I have expressed myself so warmly in favor of him that it would be improper in me to serve. Of course, if I did act, I would decide fairly on the merits of the fight, notwithstanding any opinion I may hold or have expressed in public. I know that the men and their backers feel this, but outsiders may not understand how that can be, and so I have written to Carney and McAuliffe's backers that I cannot under any circumstances accept the position they offer me."

"What do you think of the great international battle?" said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent to Smith.

"I think it will create a furor of excitement on both sides of the Atlantic. I intend to go over and witness the fight, as it strikes a time when there is no racing."

"What do you think of Kilrain?" asked the POLICE GAZETTE representative.

"I think he is a first-class man every way, and I shall back him to beat Smith. Of course I know nothing about the English champion, except that he defeated Jack Davis and fought Alf Greenfield. I never thought much of Davis, for he did not show any form when Jem Mace had him in this country. Gus Lambert, who could not be classed a fifth-class boxer, smothered him with the gloves at Davis' benefit at Flushing, and his four-round glove contest with Prof. Mike Donovan at the American Institute made me think he was nothing better than a good crude fourth-class boxer. He was no match for Donovan, and if the match had not been stopped by Capt. Mount Donovan would have defeated him as easily as he did Prof. Walter Watson. Smith's contest with Greenfield amounted to nothing. It ended in a draw, and allowing Smith had won, what credit should he receive for beating Alf Greenfield, for he had trained stale at the time Smith met him at Lafitte, France? If he had met Greenfield four years previous and beaten him, why, I should have given him some consideration. Kilrain is big, powerful, clever, courageous boxer, and the best man in this country, now Sullivan has injured his arm and run down through bad management. I must admire Richard K. Fox's pluck in going across the water to arrange the match, and agreeing to put up $5,000 on Kilrain to fight in a foreign country. If he wants to sell half interest in the match I will put up $2,500 of the stakes, simply because I think Kilrain has the best of the bargain, and because I admire him. He is not a boaster; he has not the disease that kills the majority of the champions, big head, and he is a thorough prize fighter, and he can rest assured if he is beaten it will not be because he is not a first-class boxer or a quitter, but through accident. I shall leave for England in December, and intend to take $10,000 with me to back Kilrain."

Al Smith is one of the best judges in the country, and his idea of Jake Kilrain's abilities are in no way overestimated.

At the Manhattan club games at New York, on Sept. 10, Fred. Westling won the 100-yard race, beating F. H. Babcock in the final heat in 10 3-5 seconds. In the 880 yard or half-mile race, Herbert L. Mitchell, M. A. C., won after a hard contest; time, 1 minute 59 1-5 seconds. In the 120-yard hurdle race, A. F. Copeland, 14 yards, won in 18 4-5 seconds. H. Mapes, Columbia College, 8 yards, got second prize. The 1-mile run was won by F. A. Merrick, M. A. C., 85 yards, in 4 minutes 34 1-5 seconds, with G. J. L. Wilson, B. A. C., 127 yards, second. In the 1-mile walk, H. Hyertberg, O. A. C., 43 seconds, won handily in 7 minutes 28 seconds, with O. E. Paynter, N. A. C.., 4 seconds, second. The bicycle race was won by L. J. Kolb, M. A. C., 80 yards start, who made the one and one-half mile less his handicap in 4 minutes 34 2-5 seconds.

Wood, England's sprinter, started in the 220-yards race, but the 20 yards he had to allow one of his opponents and the almost as great start he gave the others held him safe. Dr. W. R. Pryor, M. A. C., 20 yards, won the first trial heat in this race, in which Wood ran in 21 4-5 seconds. Fred Westing, 13 yards, was second. Wood came in fourth, making the full distance in 22 1-5 seconds. The best American record, Wendell Baker's, is 22 seconds. Wood ran 220 yards in England in 21 3-5 seconds. The second trial heat was won by W. C. Adams, M. A. C., 12 yards start, in 22 2-5 seconds. The final heat fell to Dr. Pryor in 22 seconds, with Corbett a second-prize winner.

In the five-mile race R. D. Skillman, M. A. C., (scratch) ran in 27 minutes 41 seconds, but could not catch his opponents, some of whom had 4 minutes', almost a mile, start. F. Gerow, A. A. C., 4 minutes' start, won in 30 minutes 32 seconds, with G. H. Cullom, same club, 2 minutes 20 seconds start, a good second.

English Champion Clark in the mile walk conceded Ed Lange, the American champion, 30 seconds and concluded to retire two laps from the finish. Lange won; time, 22 minutes 41 2-5 seconds. S. A. Cramer, M. A. C., 1 minute 40 seconds, second.

The final heat in the 220-yards hurdle was taken by See in 27 seconds.

Blackheath Harrier Wood was in the 440-yard handicap run. He was forced too far going around the curves and finished third in 50 4-5 seconds. Herbert L. Mitchell, 8 yards, won in 49 3-5 seconds, with H. M. Banks, Jr., M. A. C., second.

S. S. Schuyler, M. A. C., won the 16-pound shot putting, 11 feet of handicap, by 29 feet 8 inches. J. J. Van Houten, W. S. A. C., 6 inches handicap, made a put of 33 feet 9½ inches and got the silver medal for place.

The standing high jump was won by J. S. Appleby, M. A. C., 9 inches advantage, with an actual leap of 4 feet 8 inches. E. T. Giannini, O. A. C., 6 inches, second, with a jump of 4 feet 2 inches.

The big Ulverstone Cricket Club man's (Ray) performance with the pole was watched closely. His best jump was 10 feet 9 inches, and he got second prize. Geo. A. Casey, M. A. C., 1 foot 6 inches, won the gold medal with an actual vault of 9 feet 3 inches.

Throwing the 16-pound hammer prize was won by scratchman Lambrecht, of the Manhattans, by 95 feet. H. S. Young, Jr., 25 feet allowance, got second with a throw of 67 feet 8 inches. J. J. Van Houten tossed the 56-pound weight 19 feet 7 inches, and this added to his handicap of 7 feet gave him the victory. Giannini, with 5 feet allowance, got second prize by tossing the weight 20 feet 3 inches.

The running broad jump was won by V. Mapes, Columbia College, 2 feet allowance, by 19 feet 11¾ inches. Remsen, M. A. C., 1 foot start, second, with a leap of 20 feet 8 inches. Page, the jumping wonder, added half an inch to the American record, his own, 6 feet 2 inches, amid thundering applause. Page raised one finger and the bar went up an inch. If he could "top" it he could win first prize and break his own best and the world's record, 6 feet 3¼ inches, made at Stourbridge, in England, on Aug. 15. He made three trials, and in two of them cleared the bar fairly, but dislodged it with his hand or elbow in coming down.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I have been amused over Pat Sheedy's attempt to gain notoriety and make capital by offering to wager $2,000 to $1,000 that Jack Dempsey run Charley Mitchell out of Chicago. Suppose Dempsey did do so, did he not call Sheedy down at San Francisco, and Dempsey made Sheedy take water. Sheedy is only a breeze in his own circle, and he knows who and when to bluff.

* * *

He dares not make statements and bluffs at Baltimore like he does in New York, because he would be quickly called and he knows it.

* * *

The idea of Sheedy insulting Pony Moore and his company. Why, Pony Moore can buy and sell Sheedy and all his relations, and, when it comes down to regular sport, Pony Moore distances Sheedy, and the former is an American if he did make his fortune in England.

* * *

It takes Chas. E. Davies of Chicago to bring Sheedy to a standstill, and the Parson done so in Chicago and Sheedy had to move to more congenial quarters.

* * *

The only thing Sheedy is sore about is that Sullivan made a failure—and a dismal one—under "Handsome Pat's" (as one of Sheedy's paid scribes styles him) management.

* * *

This Sheedy could forget, but when he is aware that he begged and cadged from every one he knew to donate funds to buy Sullivan a belt, and that after the late champion received the souvenir (which represents nothing but an ornament) he should discharge him (Sheedy), it drives him nearly crasy. Sheedy could probably stomach all this, but when he found out that Sullivan, through outsiders, had tried to engage Al. Smith to again interest himself, Sheedy did not know what to say or do. He abused Sullivan in harsh terms, said he was a drunken loafer, so Morton House habitues claim.

* * *

Sheedy is now going to wash his hands with pugilists. He is going to manufacture a blowing machine to substitute himself when his new patent fails.

* * *

William Boyd Page, of Philadelphia, the American champion athlete, who gained such success in athletic sports in England, arrived in this city from England on Sept 6. Page is a pleasant-looking young fellow, twenty-one years of age, 5 feet 7 inches tall, and weighs 144 pounds. He is the son of Assistant United States Treasurer Page, of Philadelphia, and is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

* * *

Page was met by the sporting editor of the "Police Gazette" just after his arrival. He said that the international prize fight between Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith, for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and $10,000, was the main topic of conversation in sporting circles in England.

* * *

Further he said; "I had a fine time across the water. I was splendidly received and had many purely social pleasures. Mr. Sachs and myself were entertained repeatedly by some of the best families in England."

* * *

"How about your jumping?"

* * *

"I did much better than I had a right to expect. I was troubled with a bad foot just as I started away. On the steamer I had to keep perfectly still, and couldn't get a shoe on. When I stepped off the boat in London I went to the best surgeon in the city, and he absolutely refused to allow me any practice. I couldn't do a particle of training for the English championships, which were held at Stourbridge on July 2, but managed to make a tie with Rowden, and I was only too glad when the game committee wanted to call it a draw. I was getting too tired to jump off. A dinner was given to the American athletes by the Stourbridge Athletic Club, and when Mr. Sachs and myself came into the room we got a hearty cheer, for which I was very grateful. What chance will I have in the coming contests? Well, I shall be back in time to compete in the Manhattan Athletic Club games to-morrow, and I think I can give the best of them a hard rub for the prize at the championships on Sept. 17."

* * *

Page is one of the phenomenal wonders of the 19th century as far as jumping is concerned. He is wonderfully small in comparison with the jumpers whose records he has bettered. Brooks and Davine are both over 6 feet tall, as is Kelly, the Irish champion. Page is, I am sure, a certain winner, bar accident, of the American championship on the 17th and the Canadian event on the Saturday after. If he wins these titles he will then have won the English, Irish, Scotch, Belgian, American and Canadian championships all in three months—an unprecedented accomplishment.

* * *

The business-like way in which the international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of America, and Jem Smith, the champion of England, was arranged, and the bright prospects of the great international fistic encounter being brought off in a satisfactory manner, has given the prize ring a great boom and led to other important matches being arranged, but they will only be secondary affairs compared to the battle between the recognized champions of the Old and New World for the fistic supremacy and the championship of the world.

* * *

In the match between Kilrain and Smith, recently ratified in England by Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's backer, the stakes are large, besides the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, valued at $2,500, which is the only emblem that represents the championship of the world, is also dependent on the issue.

* * *

It is the first trophy ever offered in this country to represent the fistic premiership, and the first belt ever offered in America in which the holder had to go to England to defend.

* * *

One would suppose that if a champion held a trophy in this country, and the emblem represented the championship, that any challenger seeking to win the prize should be compelled to fight for it on the champion's, or holder of the trophy's, soil.

* * *

It is and always has been the custom, but if Kilrain's backer had insisted on such a condition there would have been no match arranged, for both Smith and his backer declined to come to this country to fight for the trophy when John L. Sullivan held the pride of place on the pugilistic ladder, at the time Richard K. Fox offered to back him against Smith for $10,000 a side and allow the English champion $500 for expenses to come to this country.

* * *

At the time the great Tom Sayers held the champion belt of England John C. Heenan had to cross the Atlantic and agree to meet the English champion on his own soil, and many claim that Kilrain should have insisted on Smith doing the same.

* * *

Only two can make a bargain suitable to both, but in the ratifying of the international prize fight between Kilrain and Smith Richard K. Fox tried every means and device and offered Smith $1,000 to come to this country to meet the American champion, but it was of no avail.

* * *

Smith said under no consideration would he sign articles to fight for the championship of the world in America.

* * *

What then was to be done? Raise a fog of smoke and no fire or arrange a match?

* * *

It was Richard K. Fox's earnest intention when he left these shores to arrange a match between England's champion and Jake Kilrain. Many said that he was not in earnest; that when it came to putting up $5,000 to match Kilrain against Smith that he would not do so, but break off negotiations by some hitch or excuse.

* * *

He proved that all the would-be prize ring critics were wrong, for he did put up his money and sign articles of agreement and placed himself on record as the first Irish-American who had the courage to offer a champion belt for all men in the world to compete for, select a champion to defend it, and then cross the Atlantic and match him against a foreign champion for $5,000 a side.

* * *

Ever since the match has been ratified it has been a national topic of conversation in this country and in England; the records of the gladiators have been criticised and discussed; wagers have been made on the probable result of the contest, and every day the match is becoming the topic of discussion.

* * *

In England, in every city, town and hamlet the international battle between Smith and Kilrain is daily discussed, and as a rule the English champion is praised and lionized as being a second Tom Sayers, and it is the general opinion that he will defeat the American champion easily.

* * *

In London, especially, Smith, to listen to the prize ring authorities and read the opinions of the press, is wearing the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and in the various music halls making speeches how he whipped the American champion.

* * *

Smith, of course, is in a great measure the cause of the English sporting public having such confidence in his chances of victory, because he informs every man he meets that "I shall certainly win. I do not see how I can lose, you know."

* * *

"Patsy Sheedy tells Fleming in a letter how Kilrain is only a third-rate boxer; that there are three or four men in Hamerica that can lick him. Then, when the big champion, Sullivan, was afraid to fight me in Ireland, how is I going to be licked with this ere Kilrain?"

* * *

Smith makes the above speech to nearly everyone he meets. The English sporting men have never seen Kilrain; they then naturally believe that when Sullivan refused to meet Smith in Ireland he will certainly defeat Kilrain.

* * *

After the American champion arrives in the great English metropolis they may form another opinion, for in Kilrain they will see a tall, muscular, well developed athlete, sinewy and strong, as active as a mountain chamois, a boxer from Boxerville, a gladiator who has a tremendous left hand, a clever, shifty two-handed fighter, one well tried and selected to battle in the ring of ropes for the championship of the world, and one with the grit and courage to battle well for the Harp of Erin and the Star Spangled Banner.

* * *

The American champion, when in front of Smith, will make quite a contrast in height and size when compared with Smith, as the latter is two inches and a half shorter than Kilrain, while the latter has a longer reach and will be trained to the same weight as the doughty English champion, Smith may be a clever boxer but he is not as scienced as either Prof. Donnelly or the once great Jem Mace.

* * *

Kilrain, on the other hand, is quick, scientific and very clever. He is a hard man to land on, no matter how scientific his opponent may be. He has been put through the pugilistic crucible and found to possess great courage, stamina, and all the essential points so necessary in a champion. He is aware that he is not only battling for fame, glory and $10,000, but for his country, and there is not the least doubt that when he meets the champion of England on Jan. 8, 1888, that he will render a good account of himself.

* * *

One thing is certain, if Smith only battles with the vim and determination that Kilrain will, the fifty persons on each side who will be present at the great international mill will never forget it, and those who read the graphic report of the great encounter on Jan. 8 in the POLICE GAZETTE will ponder over it with amazement and rejoice over the result.

* * *

At the time John C. Heenan went to England to fight Tom Sayers he had never conquered anybody. He had fought one battle, that was with John Morrissey, and he was defeated. On the other hand, Tom Sayers had fought numerous battles and beaten great boxers, and judging by the records of the rival champions, it looked dollars to doughnuts on Sayers.

* * *

After the battle began it was odds on the American champion, and he would have won had not the ropes been cut.

* * *

Kilrain has a better fistic record than Heenan had, while Smith's performances have only been sparring contests, compared with the great battles Sayers won prior to Heenan's arrival in England.

* * *

Sporting men in London claimed Sayers would win easily, and that it would be a one-sided affair, but how they changed their opinion when John C. Heenan time and again sent their plucky champion to grass; how they were surprised, and how fortunate they were that the ropes were cut, or their money would have found the way into the followers and backers of Heenan's pockets.

* * *

Kilrain, although he is classed by English critics as a third-rate boxer, may give them just such another surprise as Heenan did, and it may be the Heenan and Sayers battle over again, without the ropes being cut, but Kilrain wearing the English champion's colors after the battle.

* * *

Betting does not win races or prize ring encounters, and Smith's followers can rest assured that there will be about fifty Americans at the ring side from Chicago, Boston, New York and Baltimore who will not look for £20 to £10, the market price now being offered on Smith's chances of winning in London.

* * *

The New York "Daily News" publishes the following: "Dan Sweeney, the champion pugilist of Westchester county, attempted to rival the Jap in putting up the Richard K. Fox mammoth Indian club in the *Police Gazette* office. Just as Sweeney had the 250-pound mass of wood nearly up he let it slip. The club struck full on Sweeney's nose and the blood flowed in streams from his nasal organ. Both Sweeney and the club went to the ground, while several of the crowd shouted, 'First knock-down!' Sweeney retorted, 'It is the first time I was ever knocked out.'"

* * *

Jem Mace has been fighting again—not with bare knuckles, according to the orthodox prize ring rules, but in a court of law against his backer, Middleton Cox, who had advanced him $2,500 on his champion belts and cups. The *Sporting Life* says Cox had heard that Mace was about to visit America, and sought to obtain an injunction against his taking his cups and belts away. Mace has for some time been a bookmaker, so that this little episode proves that bookmakers, at times, get hard up as well as backers, and bookmaking is not a never-failing gold mine.

* * *

The rocky portions of racing might be smoothed over if a little forethought was used in considering the qualifications of the gentlemen selected to act in the judges stand.

* * *

What is the matter with Yankee tars and the Volunteer? The Thistle is a favorite at $1,000 to $800. Is the race over? is the Thistle a steam yacht? or has the Volunteer sprung a leak? At the Gilsey House a few days ago Al Smith offered to bet $1,000 to $800 on the Thistle, and since the Scotch yacht has ruled as prime favorite.

* * *

Of course this does not make the Thistle win, but it looks queer for the defender of the America's cup not to be the first choice in the betting. If we are to be beaten at last there will be some consolation over the defeat if it should come that the victor is not an English but a Scotch yacht.

* * *

It would be hard lines to be beaten by an English yacht, and we would never hear the last of it, but should the Thistle win (and in spite of the betting it is very doubtful) we will have to accept it and try again.

* * *

Whether the possession of the America's Cup on this side of the Atlantic for so many years has acted by way of a charm or fetish for the promotion of yachting or not, it is certain that the sport has taken extraordinary strides here during the last eight or ten years, and during all that time the coveted trophy has occupied a prominent place in public interest on both sides of the Atlantic, the actual cup itself, meanwhile reposing safely in the coffers of the New York Yacht Club.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX,
"Police Gazette" Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York.

S. W., Boston.—No.

M. A., Brooklyn.—No.

J. B., Annapolis.—No. 1.

W. B., Harrisburg, Pa.—No.

H. S., Alcona Co., Mich.—No.

A. B. T., Concord, N. H.—Yes.

H. W. S., Harper's Ferry.—No.

E. R., Troy, N. Y.—1. No. 2. A wins.

J. G. C., Willink, N. Y.—Skin gloves.

LOCK BOX 4, La Mar, Mo.—You are correct.

W. S., Coney Island.—Jay-Eye-See is a gelding.

J. C., Austin, Texas.—Owen Swift was born Feb. 14, 1814.

P. O., Mattoon, Ill.—Jem Mace never defeated Joe Coburn.

M. S., Rochester.—George Forbes owns the horse and A loses.

B. S., Boston, Mass.—1. There is no such book published. 2. No.

F. H., Rochester, N. Y.—Duncan C. Ross was born March 16, 1855.

J. S., Cheyenne, W. T.—Charley Mitchell did accomplish the feat.

H. P., Omaha.—Jack Dempsey is the middle-weight champion.

SPORT, Elmira, N. Y.—Jimmy Elliott fought six times in the ring.

M. J. S., Schoolcraft, Mich.—Write to John Wood, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

B. C., Salesville, M. T.—The Great Eastern is the largest ever built.

G. S., Boston, Mass.—Write to D. M. Keller, 24 John street, New York.

P. W., Williamsport.—1. Tar is the best to harden the hands. 2. Yes.

M. H. B., Wicomico Co., Va.—Yes; W. G. George's time is correct.

J. D., Chatham, Canada.—Wm. R. Bingham ran 75 yards in 7½ seconds.

J. & P., Vanderpool St., Newark, N. J.—Jake Kilrain is the champion.

W. G., Cecil, Va.—Tom Sayers died Nov. 8, 1865, of congestion of the lungs.

J. H., New Castle.—We have not a record of the jockey but will hunt it up.

C. P., Baltimore, Md.—B is correct. Slade is not as tall as Ned O'Baldwin was.

D. W. C., Beverly, N. J.—Wallace Ross never defeated Hanlan in a match race.

J. G., Bristol, Tenn.—1. Johnny McAuliffe, of Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. Ike Weir. 3. No.

G. P., Baltimore.—Thomas Reilly was killed March 8, 1882, by a powder explosion.

H. A. C., Denver, Col.—Hindoo won the Tennessee stakes at Louisville, Ky., in 1880.

B. K., Bordentown.—Geo. Kensett, the pugilist, died at Fordham, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1856.

D. A., Brownsville, Texas.—Yankee Sullivan's real name was Frank Ambrose Murray.

M. D., Denver, Col.—Harry Hill held the stakes ($5,000) when Sullivan and Ryan fought.

Q. W., Egypt, Ill.—The first steamship that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in 1819.

W. S. M., Chicago, Ill.—Flora Temple's fastest time in harness was 2:19¾ at Kalamazoo, Mich.

A. R., New York.—Yes; Tom Sayers won first knock-down when he fought Harry Paulson.

W. H., Jackson, Miss.—John C. Heenan died at Green Mountain Station, Wyoming Territory.

W. W. T., Brooklyn.—Such reducing would impair your constitution and be very injurious to you.

S. M., Cincinnati, O.—Send for the "Life of Jem Mace," which will give you all the information.

H. J., Rochester, N. Y.—Johnny Broome beat Jack Hannan in 47 rounds in 49 minutes, Jan. 20, 1841.

H. R., Norfolk, Va.—Write to Peck & Snyder, Nassau street, New York, and they will give you prices.

D. S., Harrisburg.—Jem Mace is giving boxing exhibitions in England with John Knifton, the 81-tonner.

D. B., Janesville, Wis.—No. 2. Tom Sayers was only defeated once, and then Nat Langham conquered him.

L. K., Cleveland, Ohio.—Jack Files and Paddy Morton fought on July 20, 1883. Files had the best of the battle.

S. M., Logansport.—1. Paddy Ryan 198 pounds and John L. Sullivan 195 pounds. 2. A wins, for Sullivan won.

A READER, Mount Victory, Ohio.—Send 30 cents and we will mail you the book with Yankee Sullivan's battles.

S. G. M., Louisville.—Chas. Westhall, the famous English pedestrian, died in London, Eng., Oct. 12, 1868, aged 45.

M. W., New Orleans, La.—Tom Sayers was born in Church street, North Lane, Pimlico, Brighton, Eng., July 17, 1826.

G. H., Alpena, Mich.—Jemmy Massey and Jack McDonald were Tom Paddock's seconds when he fought Tom Sayers.

L. B., Cheyenne, Wyo.—Pugilists use alum, horse-radish juice, lemon juice and vinegar, with a mixture of copperas.

X. Y. Z., Ozeana, Va.—1. Mace was 41 when he fought Tom Allen. 2. As a rule, a man when 28 years of age is the best.

D. O. B., Washington, D. C.—Jem Mace and Tom Allen fought on May 10, 1870. Mace won in 10 rounds, lasting 41 minutes.

J. W., Middlesex Co., Mass.—Tom Hyer weighed 182½ pounds when he fought Yankee Sullivan; the latter weighed 155 pounds.

M. N., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. John C. Heenan was defeated in the prize ring by Tom King, on Nov. 10, 1858, at Wadhurst, Eng.

CONSTANT READER, New Jersey.—1. John L. Sullivan is not the champion pugilist of America. 2. Jake Kilrain holds that title.

R. M., Sanilac, Wis.—1. John C. Heenan and John Morrissey only fought once. 2. Morrissey weighed 173 pounds and Heenan 190 pounds.

M. L., Astor House, City.—Apply to Billy Edwards, Hoffman House, New York City, or Prof. Mike Donovan, N. Y. Athletic Club rooms.

D. M., Brownsville.—1. No. 2. Billy Wilson, noted sporting man and commander of Wilson Zouaves, died in New York, Nov. 13, 1874. 3. No.

J. H., Holyoke, Mass.—Jake Kilrain stands 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 195 pounds. Jem Smith stands 5 feet 8½, and weighs 190 pounds.

S. G., Hardin, Iowa.—Sayers' arm was not broken. It was swelled and disabled. Neither won the fight. It ended in a draw, both receiving belts.

S. L., Black Rock, N. Y.—1. Yankee Sullivan and Vincent Hammond fought at League Island, near Philadelphia, on Sept. 2, 1841. 2. Sullivan won.

G. K., Detroit, Mich.—1. Yes. 2. Harry Allen did fight a draw with Jack Rooke for £80 ($400) a side. 3. The fight came off Feb. 5, 1867, at Gray Riggs, Westmore, England.

T. P., Hazeltine, Pa.—1. Bogardus has broken 5,500 glass balls out of 5,854 shots in 7 hours 9 minutes 2 seconds. 2. Yes. 3. He accomplished the feat in New York Dec. 20, 1879.

PAT, Dell Rapids, Dakota.—Jem Burke, better known as Deaf Burke, killed Simon Byrne, May 30, 1833, at No Man's Land, Eng. The fight lasted 99 rounds, 3 hours 6 minutes.

G. P. O., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. George Milson defeated Geo. Meggs, of Bristol, at Colne, Eng., July, 1762. 2. Yes, they fought again on August 10, 1772, and Milson was again the victor.

D. S., Macon, Ga.—Old Dutch Sam was born in London, England, April 4, 1775, and died July 3, 1816. 2. He beat Caleb Baldwin, August 7, 1804; Tom Belcher, Feb. 8, 1806, and again August 21, 1807.

W. S., Muscatine, Iowa.—1. Sayers' occupation previous to entering the P. R. was that of a bricklayer. 2. Sayers' father was a shoemaker. 3. John C. Heenan's second, Jack MacDonald, was born in Dublin, Ireland.

M. W., Palo Alto Co., Iowa.—The ace of hearts is always trump, and demands a trump of inferior value to itself; but if diamonds are trump and you have no diamonds in your hand, and the ace of hearts is led, you are bound to play a heart to it.

J. G. B., New York City.—1. Jem Mace stood 5 feet 10⅛ inches in height and fought at 165 pounds. 2. No. 3. Billy Shaw and Charley Lynch fought 87 rounds, 1 hour, when the police interfered, at Purfleet, England, April 19, 1860; 61 rounds, 1 hour 45 minuter, near Walton, April 20, 1860.

W. S., Baltimore.—The Saracens Head has been for centuries a favorite sign for public houses. Joe Goss keeps a sporting house called by that name in Lagrange street, Boston. The custom probably originated in the days of the Crusaders, when the Christian knights considered that they had not won their spurs until they had chopped off the head of a Mussulman. Those rough old soldiers went for Turks' heads in much the same style as the American Indians go for scalps.

M. W., Omaha.—The following was the 1887 Harvard college crew, and their weights and positions: Bow—Butler, 158 pounds, 5 feet 10½ inches; 2—Wood, 161 pounds, 5 feet 10 inches; 3—Keyes, 162 pounds, 5 feet 10⅛ inches; 4—Schroll, 161 pounds, 5 feet 10 inches; 5—Davis, 167 pounds, 5 feet 11 inches; 6—Pfeiffer, 168 pounds, 6 feet 1 inch; 7—Brooks, 166 pounds, 5 feet 10 inches. Stroke—Storrow, 142 pounds, 5 feet 9½ inches. Coxswain—Browne, Jr., 98 pounds, 5 feet 9 inches.

W. S., Kansas City.—John Morrissey and John C. Heenan fought at Long Point Island, Can., Oct. 20, 1858, after the Ned Price and Australian Kelly battle. Heenan, hearing that the authorities were on the lookout for him, took passage for England, and thus eluded arrest. Upon his return after his battle with Sayers he proceeded to Buffalo, paid the fine imposed and thus settled matters. 2. Patsey Reardon and Bob Travers, the colored pugilist, fought at 142 pounds for £100 a side, near London, July 15, 1862. 3. Geo. Crockett and Jack Hicks seconded Reardon, and Cobley and Alec Keene seconded Travers. After fighting 7 rounds the police interfered, and the pugilists met the next day, 53 rounds were fought in 4 hours 5 minutes, and Reardon was declared the winner.

M. W., Portsmouth, N. H.—The two-mile straightaway race between the freshmen of Yale and Pennsylvania University took place at New London, Conn., June 25, 1887, and was won with ease by the Yale crew in 9 minutes 55 seconds. 2. The eighth annual four-mile straightaway race between eight-oared crews representing Harvard and Columbia colleges was rowed at the same place on the Thames course, New London, Conn., June 27, 1887. 3. The Columbia-Harvard freshman race was rowed at New London over the two-mile course on June 30, 1887. 4. The annual race between Harvard and Yale was rowed at New London, Conn., on July 1. The record of the race was: ½ mile—Yale, 2:56; Harvard, 2:54. Mile—Yale, 5:26; Harvard, 5:23. 1½ miles—Yale, 7:56½; Harvard, 8:05. 2 miles—Yale, 11:09½; Harvard, 11:14½. 2½ miles—Yale, 14:14; Harvard, 14:23½. 3 miles—Yale, 17:08½; Harvard, 17:23. 3½ miles—Yale, 20:00; Harvard, 20:16. 4 miles—Yale, 22:56; Harvard, 23:10.

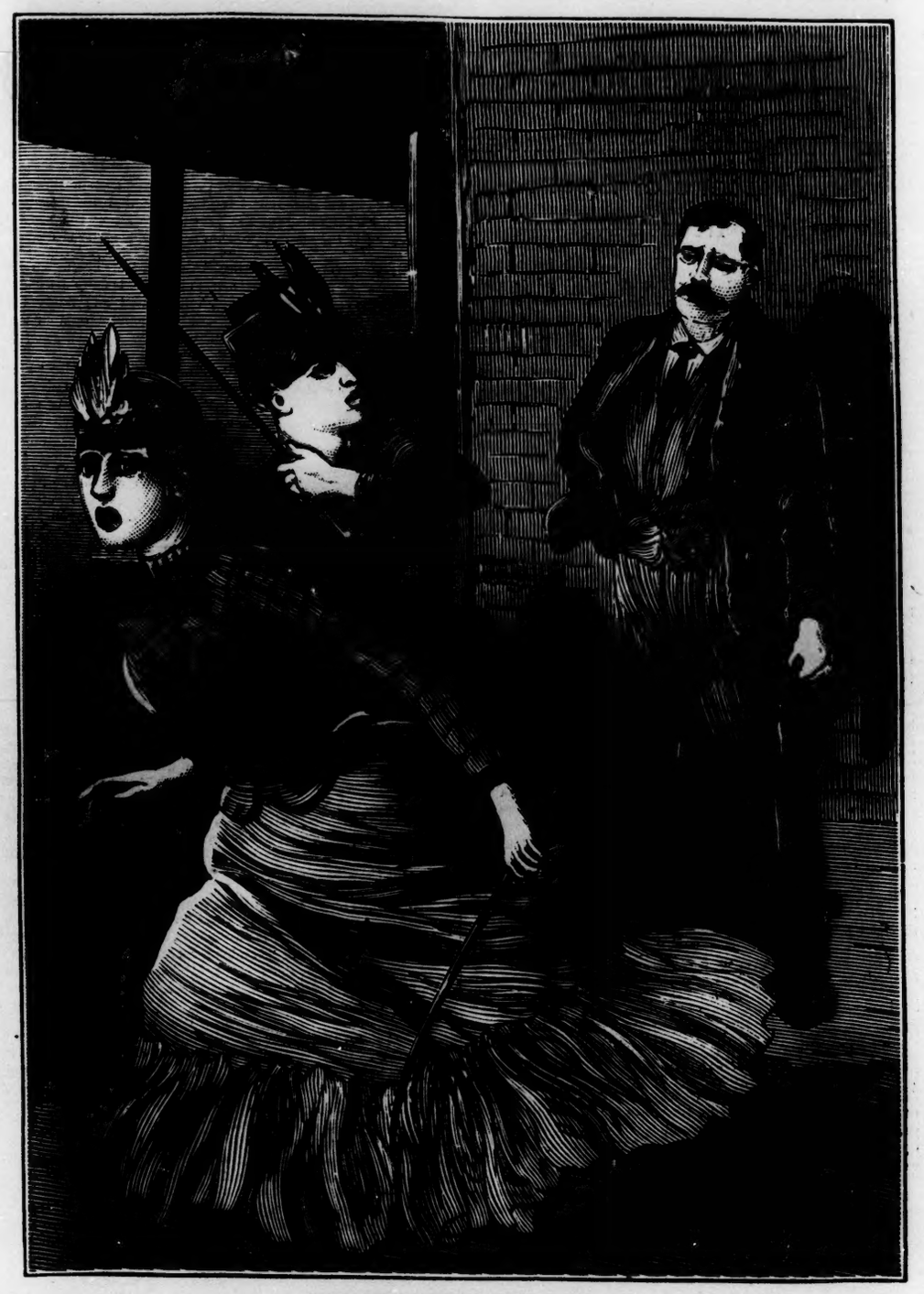
T. J. S., Philadelphia.—1. No. 2. Ned O'Baldwin. 3. Andrew Marsden of Nottingham, who beat and was beaten by O'Baldwin, stood 6 feet 1½ inches, and was present at the Jies and Wormald fight, and shortly afterward challenged the latter for $200 and the champion's belt. The battle took place at Hosley, Jan. 4, 1865, when 18 rounds were fought in 37 minutes, resulting in another victory for Wormald, and he being girded with the champion belt. The odds at the commencement were 6 to 4 on Marsden, owing to Wormald's want of condition, but the superior skill and hitting powers of Wormald, and the manner in which he went to work had the effect of changing this in his favor, and offers of 2 to 1 finding few takers. Wormald had the best of the hitting all through, nearly every round leaving a heavy mark, generally in the shape of a cut, and went ahead at such a rapid pace that after the twelfth round Marsden was struck down like an ox. Three more times did he face his opponent to be hammered down again, until in the eighteenth round his seconds gave in for him. The champion was next challenged by Jem Mace, ex-champion, but forfeited £120 owing to an accidental sprain to his right arm, said to have been brought on by too violent use of the dumbbells.

C. G., Baltimore, Md.—The great battle between Johnny Walker, of England, and Billy Dwyer, of San Francisco, was fought on Oct. 6 and 7, 1863. Dwyer was seconded by Tom O'Donnell and Jerry Sullivan, while Walker had the services of Prof. Bill Clark and Joe Winrow. Jim Mulloy was chosen referee, Johnny Lazarus standing umpire for Walker, and Hugh Kelly for Dwyer. First blood was obtained by Walker on the opening round, and Dwyer gained first knockdown in the eleventh. At the end of the twentieth round, when they had been fighting 42 minutes, the referee said it was too dark to continue and ordered the men to stop and meet again at 6 o'clock the next day. Profiting by the lesson taught on the preceding day, Walker acted upon the defensive, but Dwyer made such progress toward victory that at the termination of the twenty-sixth round offers of $100 to $50 upon him went begging. Walker struggled desperately to turn the tide, and time and again gave Dwyer a receipt in full for his deliveries, while he was down in nearly every round, being either knocked down, thrown or slipping down to avoid punishment. In the one hundred and fifth round his eyes were closed tight, and he came up for the one hundred and sixth round holding one of them open with his thumb and finger. He clutched Dwyer, was thrown, and his seconds told him it was useless to prolong the battle, as he had no earthly show to win. The battle lasted 3 hours and 30 minutes.

S. J., Baltimore.—The first championship match between King and Mace took place at Godstone, England, Jan. 23, 1862. King weighed 175 pounds, and was seconded by Bos Tyler and Jack Macdonald. Mace weighed 168 pounds, and his seconds were Jack Hicks and Bob Travers. King gained first blood in the first round from Mace's chin, and his superior height and reach caused him to take a decided lead, Mace extricating himself the best way he could when in close quarters. King floored Mace in the twentieth round with a smash on the left jaw, and in the twenry-seventh followed suit with another right-handed cross-counter on the same spot. As the fight progressed, however, Mace's superior generalship told its tale, and he frequently back-heeled and cross-buttocked King. Mace was first to the call of time in the forty-second round, but when King was sent up he rushed at Mace, delivering left and right very wildly. Mace giving him a stinging upper-cut, he then clinched and threw King, whose head struck the ground, knocking all the fight out of him. Macdonald applied the usual restoratives, such as running a knife under the finger nails and leaving the marks of his teeth on King's ear, but the gallant King was insensible to all this, and Mace was declared the victor after fighting 68 rounds. The second match for the English champion belt between Tom King and Jem Mace was fought in the Home Circuit, Nov. 26, 1863. Mace's weight on this occasion was 152 pounds, and he was seconded by Bob Brettle and Bob Travers. King weighed 30 pounds heavier than Mace, and was seconded by Jack Macdonald and Bos Tyler. King got first blood from Mace's slip in the first round, with his left. In the 13th round King got first knock down by a severe right-hander on Mace's jaw. In the 19th round both men were as strong as giants and full of determination. King was very anxious to commence hostilities, but Mace was equally as eager, and had evidently made up his mind to force the pace, feeling within him that he had his opponent safe. King feinted with his left but Mace balked him and tried the double. He, however, stopped as he delivered his left and leaned forward in consequence. King seized the opportunity with great readiness, and delivered a terrific cross-counter with his right direct from the shoulder, giving the full weight of his frame to the blow which fell on Mace's nose, left eye and cheek. King's brawny fist actually seemed to smash all before it with the force of a battering ram, and Mace, instantly suffering the whole shock, doubled up and fell helplessly at his opponent's feet, bleeding profusely from the nose, eye and mouth. In the next round Mace staggered in like a drunken man, his left eye being closed and left cheek greatly swollen, only to be floored again by a left-hander from King on the nose. He came up for another round, but King refused to strike, merely pushing him down, whereupon Mace's seconds threw up the sponge after the men had been fighting 38 minutes.

IT WAS A TERRIBLE BLOW.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER HARTY'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH IN THE DINING ROOM OF A BALTIMORE HOTEL.



HORSEWHIPPED BY GIRLS.

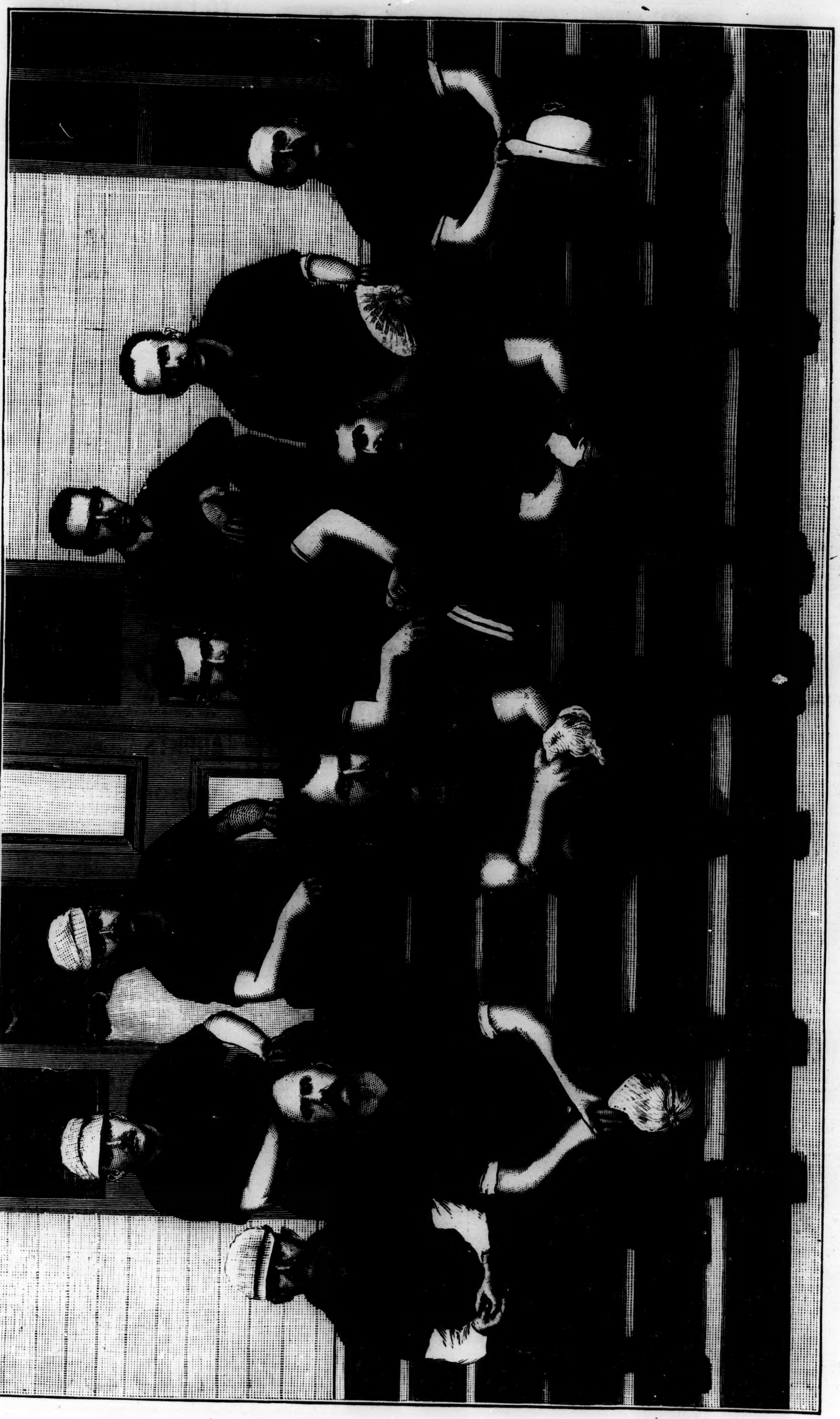
HARRY TREBER GETS A GOOD THRASHING AT THE HANDS OF TWO YOUNG GIRLS IN ST. LOUIS, WHOM HE HAD TRADUCED.

SHE FOUGHT FOR HER HONOR.

PRETTY MARY SYLVESTER HAS A TASTE OF THE GENTLEMANLINESS OF A PROMINENT MINNEAPOLIS CITIZEN.

KU-KLUXED.

MURDEROUS WORK OF A BAND OF ASSASSINS IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF CREDO, WEST VIRGINIA.



THE FAMOUS MAGNATES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME OF BASEBALL.

PORTRAITS OF THE CELEBRATED MEMBERS AND PROPRIETORS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA WHO RECENTLY CONSTITUTED A NINE AT ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY.

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The American Vidocq's Wonderful Stories of Mystery, Crime and Romance.

THE CROOK'S TERROR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The late Charles Reade found the material for many of his best novels in the columns of the daily press.

To the most casual observer there must appear a prolific source of plot, incident and action. The telegraph brings, each day, the record of occurrences more strange than any employed in fiction; the blotter of the average police court contains tears, and sighs and heart-breakings sufficient to satisfy the most exacting reader.

If, then, the eminent English novelist could construct such masterpieces of fiction from this source to which he had daily access, what a mine of wealth lies open to Julian Hawthorne, the son of a great father, inheriting uncommon talent, and already recognized as one of the foremost of the younger novelists of America, in the diaries of Inspector Byrnes, the chief of the New York detective force!

Nothing has appeared in recent literature that has attracted such wide attention and excited such extraordinary popular interest as these combination stories of Julian Hawthorne and Inspector Byrnes. Their first story, "A Tragic Mystery," was published early in July. A well-known critic declared, in reviewing this story, that "Mr. Hawthorne had constructed a tale of interest more sustained and absorbing than any other example of detective literature in Europe or America."

Inspector Byrnes, himself, has been associated with some of the most noted criminal proceedings of late years, and in his methods has evinced a sagacity and persistence that have made him recognized as the model detective. In a great cosmopolitan community, like that which goes to make up the metropolis, each day must unfold numberless incidents of a marvelous character to one occupying the official position of Inspector Byrnes. His *coup d'etat* that showered upon him the plaudits of an appreciative public was made in the arrest of fourteen of the New York "boodle" aldermen in one forenoon.

Interest in the proceedings at the Jaehne trial culminated in the testimony of Inspector Byrnes, the man who set the trap into which the aldermen fell. Jaehne's confession to Byrnes that he had received twenty thousand dollars for his vote in favor of a railroad on Broadway, was the material part of the evidence given by the officer which led the jury to convict the prisoner. Without Byrnes' evidence there would have been an opposite result to the trial.

The Inspector's testimony evidences that he is a good deal of a diplomatist. In a series of interviews with his now miserable victim he elicited from him on one occasion the confession that a man named Moloney, who handled the "boodle," had told him just before the franchise was granted that it was going to be put through, and that Jaehne then told Moloney he wanted to use some money, and asked him if he couldn't help him out. Jaehne said Moloney told him to look in his (Jaehne's) box for it after the meeting was over, and he would find what he wanted. Jaehne did so, and found an envelope with twenty thousand dollars in it.

Having procured this much in an interview between himself and Jaehne, without witnesses, Byrnes contrived an interview at which he had two detectives in the parlor of his house, back of where he and Jaehne were sitting, where they could hear what was said. At the trial the inspector produced a diagram of the room and explained how he had placed a chair for Jaehne near the folding doors opening into the back parlor. He then testified as follows:

"Jaehne came around about eight o'clock, and after I saw him in the chair intended for him with his back to the folding doors, I told him that I heard he was going away. He asked me who told me that, and then went on to say that it was very funny, for he did have a conversation about leaving town with Harney (a liquor dealer in Jaehne's district). I told him that I had forgotten some of the amounts he said the members of the board had received, and he repeated the statement that each of the twenty-two men got twenty thousand dollars.

"Then he went over the whole story again. Finally he pulled out his watch and said he had an engagement at half-past eight o'clock to meet some men who would make Martine stop the prosecution. I arrested him the next morning at about eleven o'clock." This "will you walk into my parlor" testimony was corroborated, and Jaehne's conviction followed of course.

The ingenuity of Byrnes, only equalled by the simplicity of Jaehne, is an illustration of "the ways that are dark" adopted by the chief of the New York detectives in his official zeal for the public good. Inspector Byrnes had before proved himself to be a capable officer. The means by which he procured testimony resulting in the conviction of Jaehne is perhaps the best example of his work so far. There is evidently a future for Mr. Byrnes, who is now in early middle life with the glory and honor of his recent achievement to encourage his diplomatic ingenuity in the future.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

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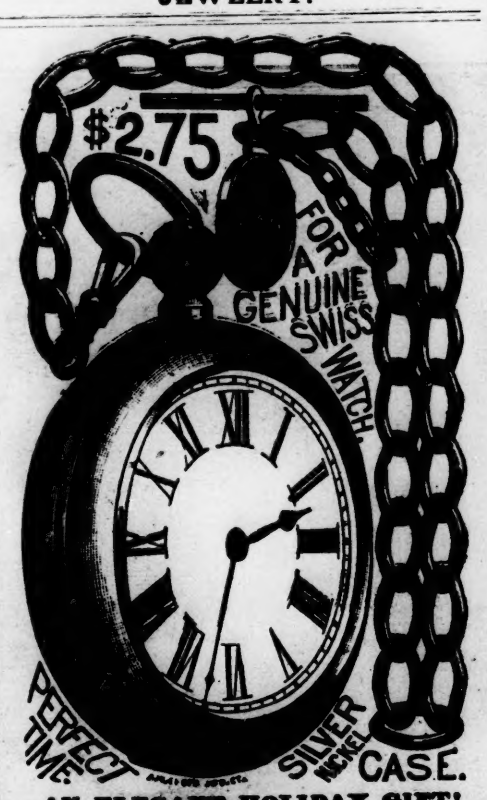

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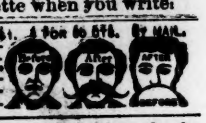

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Positively and Permanently Restored in 2 to 10 days, effects in 24 hours; almost immediate relief. No nauseating drugs, minerals, pills or poisons, but the **delicious MEXICAN CONFECTION,** composed of fruits, herbs and plants. The most **powerful tonic known.** Restores the Vigor, Snap and Health of youth. Sealed Book free, giving full particulars. Address SAN MATEO MED. CO., P. O. Box 481, St. Louis, Mo.
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Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,

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℞—Erythroxylon coca, ½ drachm.
Jerubebin, ½ drachm.
Helonias Dioica, ½ drachm.
Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. ignatiæ amaræ (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s. Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SMELL, HEARING AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC.
ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery.
A LINGERING DEATH, the reward of their ignorance and folly, causes many to contemplate and even commit SUICIDE, and large numbers end their days amidst the horrors of INSANE ASYLUMS.
FAILURE IN BUSINESS and the RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH.
WILL YOU BE ONE MORE numbered with these thousands of unfortunates? Or will you accept A CURE
and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did and never will cure the diseases resulting from self-abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfection, as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor yourself, send your address, with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an INSTRUMENT WORN AT NIGHT, and this NEVER FAILING REMEDY.
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WEAK MEN MADE STRONG Without Stomach Medicines. Lost Vigor and Manhood Restored. Perfect restoration assured by the Marston Bolus. Sealed Treatise free on application. MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York.
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Health and Strength Regained

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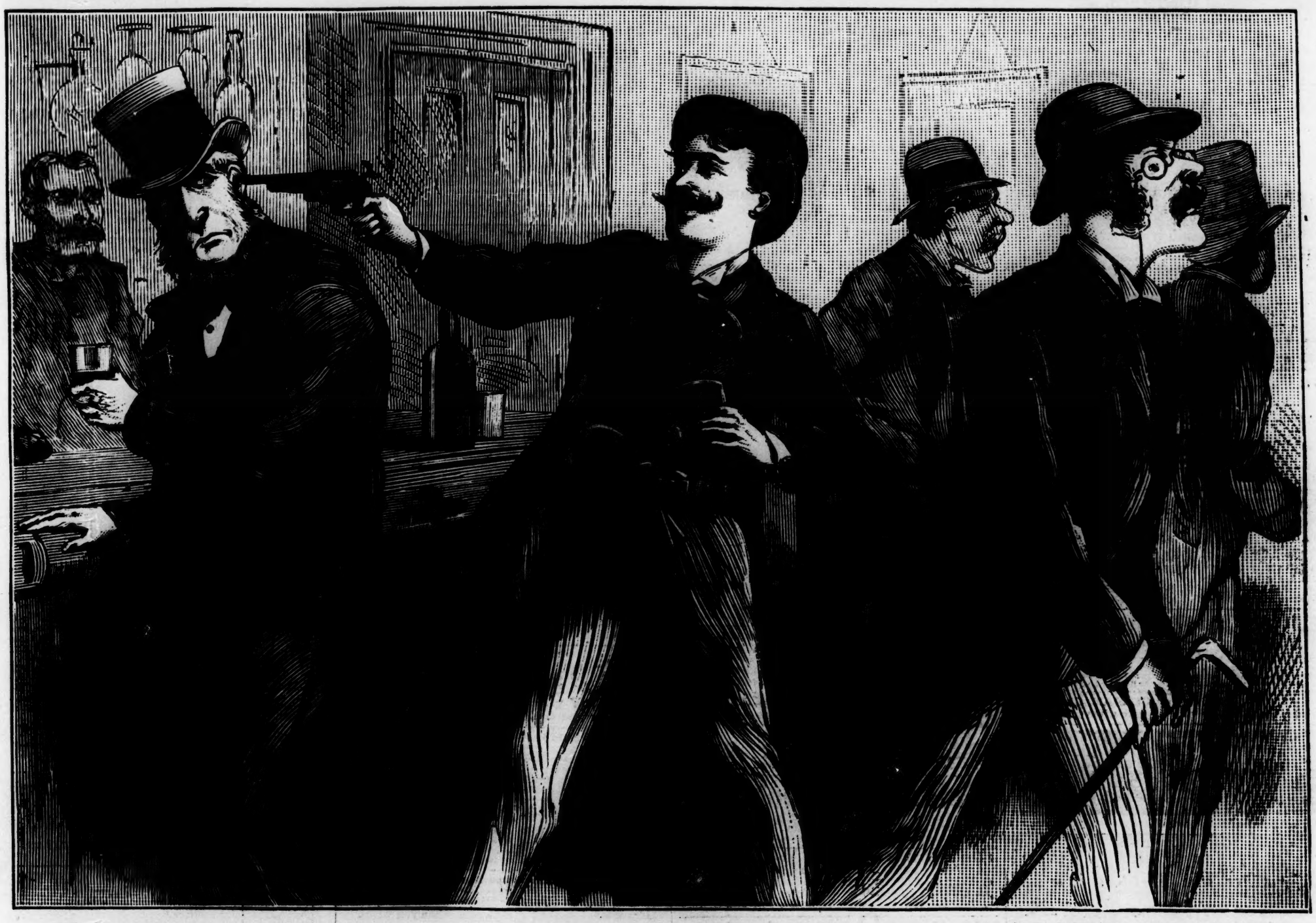

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